THE EXAMINER.

ESTABLISHED 1808.

An Independent Weekly Review of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 3,695.] *Registered at the General Post Office.*] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1878. {PRICE ... ... 6d. {BY POST ... ... 6½d.

If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—DE FOE.

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POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

THE QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

We have good authority for stating that a few days ago M. de Giers conveyed to Lord Augustus Loftus a communication from the Czar, in which His Majesty expressed his intention of occupying Merve. It is also rumoured—but we cannot believe it possible—that a secret agreement has been concluded on the subject between the English and Russian Governments.

On the subject of Count Schouvaloff's mission at Pesth we hear from our Vienna correspondent that, while the Russian Government is determined to carry out the Berlin treaty in its entirety, it will, if the Porte continues to hesitate to carry out the stipulatious in favour of Montenegro and Greece, continue to occupy Roumelia until they are fully executed.

A Bulgarian deputation recently addressed the International Commission at Philippopolis. It was composed of twelve "notables" of the country, and, in the first instance, applied to Baron Kallay, the Austrian Commissioner. He informed them the Commission had no right to go a single step beyond the limits laid down by the Berlin Treaty, but within these limits Bulgaria would obtain a political and financial organisation with which all Bulgarians would be completely satisfied, although the Mussulman minority should not be oppressed. Herr Kallay added that he would learn the Bulgarian language, and that, if the International Commission declined to receive the memorandum prepared by the deputation, there could certainly be no objection to their presenting a copy to each individual member. The English Commissioner received them favourably, although he could not consent to accept the memorandum officially without being previously informed of its contents. He corroborated his Austrian colleague's promises, and hoped to be able to introduce some sort of self-government in Bulgaria. Cavaliere Vernoni, the Italian Commissioner, first asked the delegates whether their memorandum was directed against the Berlin Treaty, to which they replied that it was naturally opposed to the objects contemplated by that treaty. "Do you, then, demand its abolition?" asked Signor Veroni. "We are only following the example of Italy," replied the delegates. "She has shown that treaties can be modified." "Then do not forget," retorted the Italian, "that you cannot expect to obtain in twenty-four hours or days what we had to await with patience for centuries." After some furthur conversation the delegates retired, expressing a hope that Garibaldi's country would prove a staunch friend of their oppressed nation. The Russian Commissioner simply informed the deputation that, as the International Commission was bound by the Berlin Treaty, he doubted whether it could accept their memorandum. The last visit was to the Commissioner of France, who considered the text of the Bulgarian document much too violent. "Europe," said he, "has divided Bulgaria in order to protect Turkey against an attack from the north. The Bulgarians connot oppose a decision taken by the whole of Europe; but they may expect complete administrative automony." The deputation departed, asking, "Then, we are to be sacrificed to the interests of Europe?" to which question they obtained no reply.

Many remarks have been made in diplomatic circles on the coldness with which Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury received M. Waddington's proposition of a joint step in favour of Greece, which was so cordially accepted by the Foreign Office at Berlin. To the English objection is attributed Count Andrassy's refusal to join in a note which had been agreed to by the Cabinets of Germany, Russia, and Italy.

The new electoral law which is to be placed before the Italian Government will increase the number of voters from 605,000 to about one and a-half millions, and the system well known under the name of *scrutin de liste* will be adopted. No electoral district is to return more than five members.

We have it on good authority that, although General Kaufmann has already received his commission as Minister of War, he will, nevertheless, remain at his post in Turkestan until next spring. The month selected for his return is April, but, in the event of affairs still remaining critical in Central Asia, the Governor-General will delay his departure till they improve, as the Czar thinks it inadvisable that a fresh administrator should be sent to Turkestan while such tension exists between Russian and England over the Afghan Question.

The twelve Austrian officers who have obtained three years' leave in order to serve the Shah of Persia have already arrived on the Caspian, *en route* to Teheran. They are to take with them from Rescht three batteries of four-inch Uchatius bronze guns and two batteries of mountain mortars, which the Shah has purchased from the Austrian Government.

We understand that the Austrian Government proposes to confer on Archduke Ludwig, the Emperor's brother, the title of Viceroy of (Austrian) Poland. The sympathy of the Archduke for the Poles has long been known, and he has for some time been president of the Academy of Cracow.

Reports are current in St. Petersburg official circles that General Lomakin has suffered severe losses in his engagements with the Yekke Turcomans. The nomads have attacked his communications with desperate bravery, but the arrival of Cossack reinforcements from the Caspian has enabled the Russian commander to drive them back. The expedition is now advancing upon Merve at the rate of twenty versts (fifteen miles) a day. General Lomakin is desirous of finishing the campaign before winter sets in.

It is announced that the Pope will hold a Consistory at Rome early in February of next year.

The Chinese Ambassador Extraordinary Choon-Koi, despatched to Russia for the purpose of settling the Kulja Question, is expected to arrive at St. Petersburg in December.

The Nihilist leader, Deutsch, who is believed to have been concerned in the assassination of General Mezentsoff, has effected his escape with two other political offenders from the citadel at Kieff.

We understand that on the 13th instant a courier left St. Petersburg for Tashkant with important despatches to General Kaufmann, respecting the course to be pursued with regard to Kashgaria.

The news of the attempt to assassinate King Humbert produced a most painful impression on the old Emperor of Germany, and the Crown Prince exclaimed, "That is the fate which is now prepared for kings."

The insurrection which has broken out in the north of Arabia extends over a very large district, and the town of Medina is blockaded by the insurgents. The two chiefs of the Arabs are Tussuf-Ibn-Saïd and Selim Dischidani.

The object of Count Corti's mission to London is understood to be the removal of certain differences of opinion on the subject of Egyptian affairs which it would not be possible to treat satisfactorily by an exchange of notes. On his return to Rome, Count Corti will take his seat in the Senate, in order to be able to reply to any interpellations on the subject of the Berlin Treaty.

Monsignor Bianchi, late Apostolic Nuncio in Bavaria, has been sent to Switzerland to renew negotiations for the resumption between the Vatican and the Federal Government.

Our Berlin correspondent writes:—Count Schouvaloff was charged by his Government with obtaining the consent of Austria to two important propositions. The first concerned the Russian military stations or *Etappen*, in Roumania, which the Czar thinks it absolutely necessary to keep up as long as his army is in Eastern Roumelia and in Bulgaria, as otherwise it is asserted that the Russians would not be able to suppress a Mohammetan insurrection, or a sudden attack by the Turks (!). The second relates to the continued occupation of these provinces, which should not, in the opinion of Count Schouvaloff, be evacuated until the Porte carries out the Treaty of Berlin. Count Andrassy could not at once agree to these proposals, although they were gilded by many suggestions of the possible extension of the Austrian Empire to the south-east, but promised to consider them carefully, and it is probable that Count Schouvaloff will shortly return to Pesth to press the Austro-Hungarian Chancellor for a favourable answer.

It is reported that the Porte has directed a confidential note to the Powers, pointing out the serious difficulties which Prince Dondukoff's candidature for the Bulgarian throne would cause in all the European provinces, and clearly hinting that the Prince's personal influence is the mainspring of the existing troubles.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Russian papers seem much alarmed at the enthusiastic demonstrations with which the Austrian Archduke Charles Louis has been received during his late visit to the Polish province of Galicia. A restoration of Poland, they say, is in contemplation, the first step towards the execution of this undertaking being the proposed appointment of the Archduke as Viceroy of Poland; and they complain that their Government, having its hands full of Greek, Albanian, Turkish, and Chinese questions, coldly looks on while the Russians in Galicia are being exterminated and Poland is being restored under the sceptre of the Hapsburgs. The idea of a restoration of Poland by Austria has often been mooted, but its realisation would be impracticable except as the result of a European war in which Germany and Austria would agree to give up their shares of Polish territory in order to re-establish "the necessary buffer," as Metternich called it, between Europe and Russia. At the same time, there can be no doubt that the Austrian Government has since 1867 shown extraordinary favour to the Polish nationality. As in most of the provinces of ancient Poland, the majority of the inhabitants of Galicia do not belong to the Polish race. They are "Ruthenians," but, though of a different race from the Poles, nearly all educated people among them are as Polish in language and sentiment as Scotchmen are English. Now, the Austrian Government, by developing education in Galicia, making Polish the official language in the public offices, schools, and courts of law, and assisting in the formation of a Polish Academy and Universities at Cracow and Lemberg, has added such strength to the Polish nationality that while ten years ago there were fifty deputies who formed a "Ruthenian," or anti-Polish party in the Galician Diet, there are now only ten deputies of that party. This is, of course, a bitter disappointment to the Russian Chauvinists, who, since the time of Peter the Great, have always looked upon Galicia as the rightful property of Russia, although it formed part of Poland for the last four hundred years of her existence as an independent State, and even its Ruthenian inhabitants speak a language unintelligible to the Russians, and belong to a religion which is the deadly enemy of the orthodox Russian Church.

On the subject of Lord Beaconsfield's speech at Guildhall, the *Montags Revue* of Berlin has the following excellent remarks:—" . . . The telegrams from Livadia have dispersed some portion of the anxiety which impressionable persons felt on the subject of the preservation of peace in Europe. When Lord Beaconsfield, therefore, informed the world, in his notorious speech at Guildhall, that the English Cabinet was determined to appeal to the British nation in case the Berlin Treaty were not strictly executed by any side, his threats were only intended to break in open doors, since he already had the telegram from the Czar in his pocket, which gave him the very assurance he pretended to intend to obtain from St. Petersburg by his speech. The English Premier has been for years in the habit of celebrating similar inexpensive triumphs, and *posing* in a cloak of heroic determination before the admiring British public. The manœuvre did not, therefore, much impress Continental statesmen."

We have received the following letter from our Paris Correspondent:—

The discussion on the French Budget for 1879 will commence on Thursday next in the Chamber of Deputies. The public examination of this enormous Budget of two and three quarters milliards of francs (equal to 110,000,000*l.*) in round numbers, will occupy but a short time. It is supposed that it will be settled in a fortnight. After the discussion in the Chamber that in the Senate will follow, and will proceed even more expeditiously. In all probability, the matter will be entirely concluded nine or ten days before the commencement of the New Year. The Budget Commission, presided over by M. Gambetta, insisted upon, and the Government ended by consenting to, the remission of certain taxes, amounting to 19 million francs, principally on chicory and bill stamps. A remission of 19 millions on a total of 2,750 millions is certainly not a very large one; but, in order to have more materially reduced taxation, it would have been necessary to spend less either on the army estimates, public education, or public works; and these reductions were considered impossible, for they would be either dangerous or unpopular. The only other course open to the Government was to economise 35 millions on the interest of the national debt, by converting the 5 per cent. loans raised since the war into 4½ per cent. But M. Gambetta, who is all-powerful both in the Chambers and in the country at large, vetoed this measure in his famous speech at Romans. The State will, therefore, continue to pay 5 per cent., when it could easily obtain money at 4½ per cent., or even 4 per cent., and M. Gambetta did not conceal his reason for insisting upon this. He declared that the greatest care must be taken to avoid displeasing the native holders of the loan, who belong, for the most part, to the middle and lower middle classes; they form the most powerful voting element both in country districts and towns, and they would decidedly go against the Republic were that form of Government to diminish their income. It is, therefore, evident that the Republic could economise 35 millions, but is obliged to continue paying them in order to preserve the favour of a large body of electors.

Although M. Gambetta was conscious that he was making himself very ridiculous by allowing himself to be fired at and firing at M. de Fourtou at the enormous distance on which the seconds fixed, his adversary would accept no apology, but was determined to wipe out the issue on the field of honour. It has, therefore, now been wiped out.

The French Government having, in a weak moment, decided upon opening a lottery in aid of the Exhibition, which, by the way, did not in the least require it, has evoked a spirit which it will find difficult to repress. The rush for the tickets of this lottery, which were intended to be restricted to a million, and have now reached 12 millions, has assumed the proportions of a national mania. Under the Colonnade of the Bourse, and in numerous agencies and tobacco shops, the dealing with the tickets resembles transactions in stock. Tickets of the first series have been sold at 25 to 30 francs apiece. There is no particular advantage attached to this particular issue, and it is impossible to arrive at the grounds upon which holders of tickets base their belief in the chances. In all the daily papers appear advertisements in which persons who have dreamt of a certain number offer a considerable price to obtain it. It is understood that the largest demand for tickets comes from England, and that that country offers the highest prices. In consequence of this, it is difficult now to obtain any

tickets, even at three and four times their nominal value. Lottery projects are springing up in every direction, and it is even asserted that in very exalted circles a plan is being considered for instituting a lottery at the annual Exhibition of Pictures; and one paper goes so far as to demand a lottery for the creation of a popular opera at cheap prices. In short, dreams of riches acquired suddenly, and of fortune bestowed by chance, are agitating the minds of many people to such an extent, that the symptoms resemble those of a general mental disease. But, luckily, this illness can last but a short time in a country where labour and economy are honoured as they are in France.

It will be remembered that a number of delegates from the Herzegovina arrived at Pesth about ten days ago to present an address to the Emperor Francis Joseph. The mission consisted of Mohammedans, Roman Catholics, and Greek Catholics, and was therefore supposed to be fairly representative of the Herzegovinian people. It now appears, however, that the whole affair was in fact arranged by General Jovanovic in pursuance of orders from the Court. It was considered proper that the Herzegovinians should send a deputation to the Emperor, and a deputation was accordingly got up. In spite of the Treaty of Berlin, and of the distinct understanding that Bosnia and Herzegovina remain integral portions of the Turkish Empire, though they are to be occupied by Austria for an indefinite period, the delegates expressed their loyalty to the House of Hapsburg, and their satisfaction at becoming Austrian subjects, in the warmest terms. Nor was this language checked either by the Emperor or by the Ministers who received and listened to them. The deputation then proceeded to Vienna, where, according to the latest information, they are stopping at the Grand Hotel, and enjoying themselves at the expense of—not Herzegovina, since it has no means of paying, but—the Emperor's privy purse.

We pointed out last week, in an article entitled "Striking Against Good Wages," that the agitation which the agricultural labourers of Kent and Sussex are endeavouring to create against the very partial lock-out hardly deserves the sympathy which its promoters are seeking to obtain. The meeting at Exeter Hall on Wednesday night fully confirms this view. Mr. Auberon Herbert, after commencing with studied moderation and expressions of sympathy with the farmers, wound up his speech with passionate threats of emigration and depopulation, entirely forgetting that the homes which he declared were ready for the farm labourers on the other side of the Atlantic exist in his imagination only. Every successive steamer brings us reports of the increased depression in the United States of North America, and that these reports are not fallacious is proved by the flocks of disappointed emigrants who return to these shores. The same neglect of stern facts in favour of wild theories and unjustifiable personal attacks, characterised all the speakers at the meeting. It was stated in our columns last week, and the statement is daily confirmed by numerous persons who are neither ill-informed nor partial, that the average wages in Kent and Sussex are much higher than the figures given by the leaders of the men. A letter in Thursday's *Times* (signed in full) states that they are as high as 23*s*. 8*d*. per week all the year ronnd, not including perquisites. Even if this estimate be considered unduly high, that of 14*s*. per week, which is the principal ground for the appeal of the labourers to their London friends, is now proved to be absolutely incorrect. And we can have as little sympathy for the unjust and personal attacks made by Mr. Alfred Simmons against English landed proprietors, who, as a body, indubitably do ten times more for their labourers than any landholders in any other country in the world, as we have for Mr. John Martin, who put himself entirely in the wrong by the letter which was greeted with fully-deserved hisses at Exeter Hall.

On the 30th November, at a special meeting for the purpose, held at the offices of the London School Board, with Sir Charles Reed in the chair, Mr. Sonnenschein showed his number pictures and his apparatus for facilitating the study of arithmetic, to which has been awarded a silver medal at the Paris Exhibition. Mr. Sonnenschein explained his method of teaching; he attacked the present "standards," and proposed others. Professor Henrici, who was present, writes as follows:—"In systematically introducing concrete illustrations into all parts of arithmetic, Mr. Sonnenschein is only acting in sympathy with a general tendency in modern mathematics," and, after stating that he agrees with Mr. Sonnenschein in his attack upon the order observed in the present standards, he adds:—"It was said in defence of the standards, that they are standards of examination, not standards of teaching. The standards clearly dictate an order of teaching; and every experienced teacher knows that to dictate an order comes very near to dictating a method. That the standards, as they are, should have been forced to the exclusion of all others must be regarded as almost a national calamity." For some reason it was not considered necessary to report the proceedings, but the public who pay for the teaching, whether sound or otherwise, are necessarily interested in any method that seeks to lessen the complaint of parents that their children are forced to spend many an hour in school that might be more profitably employed. A natural method of teaching should at least have a fair field and no disfavour. That hardly three children out of five actually examined (to say nothing of those not presented for examination) succeed in reaching the present standards is surely good ground for giving a more rational method a chance.

The German Government has for some time been seeking to improve inland navigation in the empire, more particularly, we understand, with a view of connecting the North Sea and the Baltic by a deep water canal of sufficient dimensions to permit the passage of the largest ships of war. It is reported that the Government is very desirous of removing its dockyards and naval station from Friedrichshaven, a harbour which is being constantly silted up, to Kiel, which is a commodious and accessible haven. In connection with these plans, the Ministry of Public Works has sent over to England Baron M. M. von Weber, an eminent engineer, and a son of the great composer. Baron Weber, who is a Member of the English Institution of Civil Engineers, has been in England for some days, examining our more important canals and docks, and proposes, before he returns to Berlin, to visit some of the most interesting hydraulic works in the Midlands and the North.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1878.

LORD CRANBROOK'S DESPATCH.

No one will dispute that this summary of the events which have led to the present difficulties with Shere Ali is a masterly composition. Whether it does not deserve to rank rather as a defence of the policy of the Government than as a State paper directed to the Queen's representative in India for his guidance and information is a matter of opinion. It evidently does not purport to tell Lord Lytton anything new. His lordship is as fully aware of all the facts recapitulated in the dispatch as Lord Cranbrook himself; in fact, when we consider how short has been the tenure of the office of the present Secretary of State for India we are almost inclined to say that the Viceroy knows them a great deal better. The only statement which would possibly be new to Lord Lytton is the assurance that the Government has every confidence in him—a circumstance about which he, in common with the greater part of the English public, had every reason to entertain the most serious doubts. We are, therefore, compelled to look upon Lord Cranbrook's dispatch as a manifesto directed to the people of England, and intended to disarm both those passionate but ill-advised persons who would substitute Government by an Affghan committee for a responsible Cabinet, and those calmer, more important, and more numerous critics who see in the present state of affairs grounds for serious apprehension.

Considered as a brilliant exposition of policy from the ministerial stand point, this paper leaves little to be desired. A more crushing condemnation of the policy of masterly inactivity could hardly have been composed. But, notwithstanding the withering sarcasm which pierces through the studied courtesy of Paragraph IX., and involves the whole Liberal Cabinet in blame, it appears to us that Lord Cranbrook, intentionally or unintentionally, entirely fails to attribute to the right causes the failure of Sir Lewis Pelly's mission and the legacy of difficulties left to the present Government by their predecessors in office. Let us attempt, as briefly as possible, to recapitulate the facts on Lord Cranbrook's own showing, supplementing them only in one important particular, which his lordship (again either purposely or accidentally) omits entirely.

In 1869 a "frank interchange of views" took place between England and Russia on the subject of the advances of the latter in Central Asia, and the Czar then gave us distinct pledges which fully satisfied both the Ameer and the British Government. In the spring of 1873 these pledges were grossly violated by the capture of Khiva, thus supplying a singular commentary on the "frankness" which, in the opinion of many of our statesmen, is still the special characteristic of Russian diplomacy. The Ameer was not unnaturally alarmed, and applied to Lord Northbrook for the promise of assistance to "repel unjust aggression." It appears that the Viceroy was not disinclined to give him the assurances desired, but the Home Government, resolutely shutting its eyes to Russian aggression, and full of confidence in the Czar's frankness, declined, not to assist the Ameer, for he did not ask for assistance, but even to promise him help in certain eventualities. To Shere Ali this policy was unintelligible. No wonder; for it was the same policy which, in its further developments, has been unintelligible to so many people ever since, and which was characterised by an eminent foreign statesman as suicidal blindness. Finding himself, then, between two powerful States, of which the one was pursuing a policy of conquest distinctly visible to every one except the purblind British Government, and the other declined to help him against that aggressor, he was, of course, compelled, though evidently most unwillingly compelled, to treat with Russia, since England would not have him. Amity with Russia could only be secured by declining the miserable subsidies offered him by the Indian Government; he paid the price which the Czar demanded for an alliance, and refused them. When the present Government took office, and suddenly found out that it was better to have Shere Ali on our side than on that of Russia, it was too late to cut those bonds which we ourselves had tied with the most perverted ingenuity. We had forced the Ameer into an alliance with Russia, and he would not suddenly give it up and accept the terms offered by Sir Lewis Pelly, simply because we had changed our minds. Our policy appeared unintelligible to him before; when it was altered, a keen Asiatic would at once interpret it as indicating extreme weakness and much anxiety for his friendship. As Russia advanced, of course, our anxiety, which the Ameer had no doubt detected, madé it more and more necessary that we should not lose our influence in the North-West. Our actions betrayed our fears, and could have no other effect than to increase Shere Ali's leaning towards Russia, whose schemes England had, in his opinion, neither the will nor the power to oppose. Still, even then, he would have consented to treat with us if certain grievances were removed; but to his categorical demands he received evasive replies. Lord Lytton displayed an extremely sanguine temper if he really expected, as is stated in this dispatch, that Sir L. Pelly's mission would be successful. We repeatedly snubbed the Ameer when he asked for our friendship; we proved ourselves weak and foolish in permitting Russia's advances towards his frontiers, and yet, after this, when he had done the only thing which remained for him to do, by allying himself with our rivals, the Viceroy was disappointed because his envoy was not received with open arms.

Finally, we occupied Quettah; and on the reasons which dictated this important step the despatch is absolutely silent. It may be doubted whether we shall prove to have gained even a strategical advantage by a move which the Ameer could not consider otherwise than distinctly hostile. Imagine two disputants whose quarrel is becoming warm, but who have not yet resorted to blows. One of them deliberately pricks the other with a pin. It does not disable the man in the least, but it naturally irritates him beyond measure, and blows, which might have been avoided, are now inevitable. This is exactly what we have done in the case of Quettah. We irritated the Ameer without doing ourselves any good, and violated international law in pure gaiety of heart. And now we are at last obliged to fight, because for five years we have pursued a vacillating and unjust policy; we must fight, not the Russians, who are, of course, the real cause of the whole complication, but a ruler who, but a short time ago, would have gladly allied himself with us to repel the advances of the great Northern Power which we shall, sooner or later, have to meet single handed.

It is contended that we have now no resource but to avenge the insult we have received; and we fear that this

contention is correct, and that war is the only possible course we can adopt. But it must not be forgotten that Shere Ali is not the real cause of the war on which we have entered. It was our duty to keep Russia to her pledges, and to preserve the peace in Europe and Asia by a determined attitude. Instead of this we allowed her to take Khiva, and to advance steadily to within the legitimate range of our own influence; we connived at her breaking the Treaty of Paris, and we took our share in the partition of Turkey. We hope that the new Afghan war will be the worst result of our unjust, foolish, and suicidal policy.

THE BERLIN TREATY.

There appears to exist a considerable amount of misunderstanding amongst the general public with regard to the precise stipulations contained in the Treaty of Berlin, and the extent to which that instrument affects the relations between Russia and Turkey. So far as at present appears, its effect has been, no doubt, to check Russia from appropriating certain territories occupied by her victorious armies, and, by establishing a barrier of independent or semi-independent states between the two Empires of Turkey and Russia, to render future incursions by land of the Northern hordes towards the coveted goal more difficult than heretofore. But, as we shall presently show, no further interference is offered with any ultimate designs of Russia; whilst, so far as Turkey is concerned, the above-named advantages appear to have been dearly purchased by her at the expense of vast territorial abandonments, accompanied by no guarantee whatever of the peaceful possession of her remaining European possessions. From whatever point we view this now famous Treaty, it appears to be entirely one-sided, and wholly in favour of Russia; and it must be remembered that it does not pretend to do away with the Treaty of San Stefano, but, whilst settling certain questions raised in the preliminary agreement, it leaves the two principal nations concerned precisely as they were before in their relations towards one another; and there can exist no doubt that, as matters now stand, Russia is quite justified in taking advantage of her position as conqueror in the late war, and demanding the conclusion of a treaty of peace with Turkey before consenting to evacuate her European territories. Nowhere in the Berlin Treaty is the evacuation of Turkey by Russian troops stipulated for, and the omission of any reference to the question in that document may fairly be held by Russia to justify her in any military arrangements she may think fit to make for the future with regard to what remains of European Turkey. In Article XXII. it is stipulated that the army of occupation may preserve its communications with Russia not only through Roumania, in accordance with arrangements to be concluded between the two States, but also through the ports of the Black Sea, Varna, and Bourgas, where she may, during the period of occupation, organise the necessary depôts. The period of the occupation of Eastern Roumelia and Bulgaria by the Imperial Russian troops is fixed at nine months from the date of the exchange of the ratifications of the Treaty—that is, from the 3rd of August last, and the Russian Government undertakes that within a further period of three months the passage of its troops across Roumania shall cease, and that Principality shall be completely evacuated. There is, however, no stipulation as to the limit of time for the passage of Russian troops across Eastern Roumelia, and, so far as this Treaty is concerned, the whole of the army of occupation may be marched southwards and across the Balkans into what remains of Turkey proper, whilst the depôts established under the Treaty at Varna and Bourgas would considerably facilitate the disembarkation of more troops to the south, as well as to the north of that range. Whatever may be the ultimate intentions of Russia with regard to her ancient adversary, it is very certain that she can well afford to observe the Treaty of Berlin, both in its letter and also in its spirit. Practically, until a Treaty of Peace shall have been agreed to and signed by the two powers, there exists a state of war between them, and it must be clear to those least conversant with military matters that, in the present relative positions of the two nations, Russia might now employ her armies against Turkey with far greater advantage than formerly, and that, with the main bulk of her forces brought so near to the enemy's capital, she is in a position to dictate almost her own terms to her vanquished foe, and support them by threats of further warfare without in any way violating the spirit or the letter of the Berlin Treaty. Russia has yet five months to perfect her arrangements, after which she may claim three months for the passage of her troops across Roumania in whichever direction she pleases, either north or south. It is not improbable, in view to future eventualities, that she will elect to send them southwards, for embarkation at Varna, whence they may be transported to Odessa, or Bourgas, whichever destination circumstances may at the time seem to render more desirable with a view to carrying out the ultimate designs of the Czar's Government. No doubt, in allowing Russia the free use of a port on the Black Sea south of the Balkans, the Plenipotentiaries at Berlin intended only to afford facilities to Russia for the embarkation of her troops at present at Adrianople and other parts of European Turkey on their return home, and probably had also in mind the necessity for some arrangement for facilitating the transport of supplies that would be required during the continuance of their occupation. But it now appears that this part of the treaty may ultimately be put to a very different use.

The time allowed for the occupation of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia by the Russian armies will, if turned to good account, as it no doubt will be, prove quite sufficient for the organisation of those principalities in such a manner as to render them no source of anxiety to Russia from a military point of view, should she determine to continue her operations against Turkey next spring. In this event Eastern Roumelia would probably at once declare her independence, or annex herself to Bulgaria, and, unless the European Powers who signed the Berlin Treaty then interfere to maintain it in its integrity, it will soon have to be numbered in the category of international obligations no longer in practical force. But how would the matter stand supposing, say, England and Austria, decided to enforce its stipulations? In the case we have imagined Russia would be altogether free from interference, and, so far as the treaty was concerned, at liberty to pursue her operations against Turkey south of the Balkans, whilst the energies of the allied Powers would be limited to preventing the combination of Eastern Roumelia with Bulgaria, probably in opposition to the declared will of the people. A little reflection will show that this is not an excessively overstrained case. Russia, according to the usages of semi-barbarous nations, claims some compensation to herself as victor in a war undertaken, it can scarcely be doubted, for purposes of aggrandisement. Europe steps in and limits the extent of territorial concessions that shall be made to Russia, and Turkey is in

no sense in a position to pay the heavy pecuniary war indemnity claimed. For she can certainly never raise one tithe of the necessary funds by taxation, and there is no country that would venture to lend a few more millions to a rapidly decaying nation, which has already collapsed financially, and is practically unable to meet her existing pecuniary obligations. That Russia will press her bond contained in the unmodified clauses of the Treaty of San Stefano, there can be little doubt, and, if the other European Powers desire to limit the further growth of Russian influence south of the Danube, that can apparently only be effected by one of two ways: either by making a defensive alliance with Turkey against Russia, or by providing the means wherewith to satisfy the demands of the latter. This can scarcely be accomplished in any other way than by the purchase of a part of the territories still remaining to the Ottoman Government, in which case the Empire will sustain further dismemberment, probably in its eastern territories. Under any circumstances, the present state of affairs is one which deserves most serious consideration on the part of those who do not desire to see the Turkish Empire completely annihilated, or in whose interest it is that the Black Sea shall not become a Russian lake. That the Treaty of Berlin did effect a temporary peace there can be no doubt, but that end was accomplished by bringing pressure upon Turkey to induce her quietly to relinquish the territories that were already lost to her by the chances of war, and not in any way by enforcing moderation in the ultimate demands and designs of Russia. It has, however, effected one good to Turkey in giving her breathing time to consolidate her defences round Constantinople; but it has also benefited Russia by enabling her to reorganize her armies and prepare in peace for whatever may hereafter be considered by her as the natural duties devolving upon that self-constituted liberator of oppressed nationalities.

BELOW THE BELT.

Among those who practise the rough exercise of sparring, and even among professed pugilists in the performance of their degrading business, it is not only a rule, but an invariable custom, to abstain from hitting below the belt. Severely as the temper may be tried, foul blows must not be given, and, should one of the combatants offend in this manner, he is *ipso facto* defeated. It is, therefore, to the last degree painful to observe that, while angry and uneducated men of the lowest class can and do resist temptations to unfair fighting, politicians of well nigh the highest rank are less scrupulous. Far from refusing to take mean advantage of a foe, it would even seem that such a style of contest is by some absolutely preferred, as then blows can be dealt with more injury to the antagonist. For there has been a great deal of hitting below the belt of late; and in these times, when some optimists are ready to maintain that there is little real difference of sentiment between the two great parties of the State—though there are extremes, necessarily, to each side—party feeling seems to run at least as high as ever it did in its bitterest day. Of Mr. Gladstone we do not now speak. To watch the decadence of a once great man, to note the unscrupulous words and contemptible acts to which a statesman who once held the reins of power, urged on by disappointed hopes and stimulated by uncontrollable hatred born of jealousy, is alike painful and unprofitable. But what can be said of Lord Lawrence, of Lord Grey, and, to look a little lower, of Sir William Harcourt, of Mr. Fawcett, and those who are not ashamed to follow in their wake? Nominally, the attack is directed against the Government; but, in reality, as they cannot but know, their success could only be won at severe cost to the fame, the reputation, and, it must be added, the honour of the country. Our predecessrs were Englishmen first and party politicians afterwards; but this order is now reversed, and, indeed, the Englishman in some cases becomes so completely merged in the party politician that his national characteristics are utterly obscured.

Perhaps, the most astounding circumstance connected with Lord Lawrence's letter to the Premier—in which his lordship practically proposes to elect himself Prime Minister and exercise autocratic sway, supported by the approbation of a few friends—is the readiness with which he arrives at a conclusion in a matter with the details of which he is wholly ignorant. What the Ameer and his Russian allies—if, indeed, these latter are not deserting their friends—are doing or threatening to do, Lord Lawrence has no sort of idea. The Afghan ruler may have troops at our very gates for all that Lord Lawrence knows. He may be taking the initiative, or there may be reasons for supposing that he is on the point of doing so. Our relations with friendly hill tribes, possibly with Afghan chiefs, may be such that an imposing advance now would stop the necessity for a bloody and prolonged war later on. With the exact condition of affairs Lord Beaconsfield is thoroughly well acquainted. Of the exact condition of affairs Lord Lawrence knows nothing. Consequently, Lord Lawrence is best able to tell what ought to be done at the present juncture. It is, no doubt, perfectly easy for Lord Lawrence to make up his mind, for, in his complete ignorance of the complications with which Lord Beaconsfield is so busily dealing, the former noble lord has nothing to confuse him in making out the issues of his baseless speculations. It is strange, indeed, that Lord Lawrence should consider it necessary to urge upon Lord Beaconsfield "the propriety of at once publishing all the papers, official or otherwise, connected with the relations of the Government of India with the Ameer of Cabul since the 1st of April, 1876, down to the latest date;" for Lord Lawrence is apparently so able to make up his mind about the whole question without seeing any papers connected with it that what he wants them for is a mystery. Possibly, if his lordship had any knowledge of the real state of the case, he might entirely change the very decided views he holds at present.

For a retired Governor-General of India to vehemently employ the whole weight of his authority in hampering the hands of a successor and of the Home Ministry is surely hitting below the belt; and the motives which appear to influence his lordship make his action all the more deplorable. Lord Lawrence believed that he knew how to make the empire which he was—by a sad and most ill-judged decision—set to rule, peaceful, secure, and happy. He had the fullest liberty to carry out his schemes and devices; but the effect of them was very far indeed from what he had hoped and anticipated. The "Lawrentian policy" was, in short, a dismal and expensive failure, as we clearly perceive by Lord Cranbrook's recapitulation of it. His successors have been compelled to do what he so laboriously left undone, and hence Lord Lawrence's bitterness against India and all that is Indian. The overbearing and presumptuous tone of his letter to the Premier is highly characteristic of the writer. Lord Lawrence is very angry, and cannot help showing it. He is still, no doubt, convinced that a steady adherence to the out-

lines he had planned would at last have resulted triumphantly. But competent judges thought otherwise, and we cannot afford to play experiments with India for the sake of thoroughly convincing Lord Lawrence that he was mistaken. The effect of the policy which Lord Lawrence and his companions are pursuing can only be to strengthen the hands of England's enemies, to give them confidence, and to weaken the authority of the Queen's Government. This practice of aiding the foe is a recent development. In the days before the Crimean war it was not known. Tories then considered that the Ministerial policy often touched the extremes of timidity or recklessness, but they disdained to have recourse to such tactics as those which are being put in force against them now. They preferred playing England's game to playing for their own hands. "Then, none were for a party, but all were for the State." In the English Constitution a comparatively equable balance of power is necessary for the well-being of the country; and it is desirable that the balance should be made to rise and fall so that the machine may be kept in good working order. Liberals are, therefore, most earnestly to be implored not to join with that mischievous party of angry and disappointed spirits who are sapping the foundations of Liberalism, selfishly seeking to advance their private purposes at the expense of the country, and not even scorning to hit below the belt.

RUSSIAN GUNBOATS ON THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.

Two very important items of news have reached us by private sources from Russia. The engineers chosen by General Possiet to report upon the most practicable means of diverting the Oxus into the Caspian Sea have set out on their journey from St. Petersburg; and the gunboat *Samarcand*, belonging to the Aral flotilla, has successfully steamed up the Oxus to within fifteen hours' run of the Afghan ferry near Balkh.

It is now three weeks ago since a telegram was received at Tiflis from General Lomakin, conveying the intelligence that the Amou Daria had broken down the Khivan dam at Bend and had rushed across the Kara Kum sands in the direction of the Caspian. The floods were stated by caravan merchants from Khiva to extend over an area of two or three hundred miles, and the edge of the inundation had reached Sara Kameesh Lake, or about one-third the distance intervening between the Aral and Krasnovodsk. The announcement that the Oxus had again reverted to its old bed naturally caused some excitement in Russia, and a chorus of approbation was raised when it became known that the Minister of Ways of Communication had selected a number of his cleverest engineers to visit the scene of inundation to report whether the waters could not be led still further west till they flowed once more through the old channel into Balkan Bay. The instructions given to the engineers on their departure were, we understand, to the effect that they were not to concern themselves, as former explorers had done, to the discovery of a hypothesis that would explain why, centuries ago, the Oxus left the Caspian and formed a reservoir of its own in the Sea of Aral, but to confine themselves exclusively to the task of defining in what manner the river could be again persuaded to circulate along its former channel. As to the possibility of such an operation being effected, that portion of the problem had already been solved by Bekovitch, Perovsky, Stolietoff, and Wood, all of whom, and many other explorers besides, had declared unanimously that the enterprise could be successfully accomplished. The importance of the present expedition, General Possiet insisted, in his instructions, lay in the fact of the engineers being sent to the Oxus to "settle precisely the most practical manner of accomplishing that possibility."

The interest excited in Russian official circles by this measure of the Minister of Ways of Communication has been still further enhanced by the arrival of the gunboat *Samarcand* (a steamer belonging to the Aral flotilla, and armed with several brass cannon) off the Khoja Ferry. Eighteen months ago General Grotenhelm made an expedition in the same vessel, and, after a series of mishaps, succeeded in reaching Tchardjoie, the ferry between Bokhara and Merve. This journey of the commandant of Fort Petro Alexandrovsk solved effectually the question of the navigability of the Oxus, and the opinion he then expressed, that a further advance up the river might be difficult on account of the stress of the current, has been falsified by the despatch received last week by the Grand Duke Constantine, in which Captain Broukoff, the naval officer in charge of the *Samarcand*, reports that the "higher course of the river has deeper water, less force of stream, and is bounded on both sides by fields and orchards belonging to very friendly people." He adds that a chart of the Oxus from Khiva to Kelif Ferry has been made by Lieutenant Phillipoff; and that, in the future, the knowledge the Aral flotilla now possesses of the river will prevent the recurrence of mishaps arising from running on hidden shoals.

Even were the chances of diverting the Amou Daria to the Caspian left out of the question, there would still remain the important fact that the armed steamers of the Aral fleet can run from Chinaz—a ferry on the Jaxartes, near Tashkant—to Termez, the ferry on the Oxus, forty miles from the Afghan city of Balkh. The moral effect of the presence of Russian gunboats along the Afghan frontier is obvious. It gives Russia an influence in those regions which we shall find difficult to surpass, even should our conflict with Shere Ali lead to the establishment of political residents at Kooloom and Balkh. Still more will the influence be felt should the engineers sent by General Possiet succeed in diverting the course of the Amou Daria; for in that case there would be a water way between Cronstadt and Badakshan, and Russian prestige would naturally be heightened by the accomplishment of such a magnificent enterprise. It is true that there is a chance that the communication opened up between the Oxus and the Caspian may possibly result only in the formation of a stream a few feet deep, and unfit for purposes of navigation. But even this partial success would be an advantage worthy of the outlay of millions, since it would provide Russia with an excellent track from Krasnovodsk to Afghanistan. At present, owing to the absence of water, Khiva is practically severed from the Caspian by the burning sands of Kara Kum, across which only a few caravans can at rare intervals pass, at the imminent peril of the traders' lives. The frightful sufferings of the column of General Markasoff, in its failure, five years ago, to reach Khiva from Krasnovodsk, have not yet faded from the minds of the people, and the merchants of Russia still regard as an insuperable barrier the sands of Kara Kum. With the establishment, however, of only a rill of water from Khiva to Balkan Bay, a gigantic impetus would be given to Russian trade in Central Asia, and the caravans from Kokand and Bokhara, instead of threading painfully the long and arid deserts of Kizil Kum and Tourgai.

in order to reach Orenburg, would be able to convey their produce along the course of the Oxus to its outlet near Krasnovodsk, whence barges could convey the goods direct to the fair at Nijini Novgorod or to the wharves of the foreign steamers at the mouth of the Neva. Thus, even the failure of the attempt to create a navigable stream across the Kara Kum would be of vast political importance to Russia. And, when it is remembered that the huge flat-bottomed barges of a thousand tons burden on the river Volga draw only three or four feet of water, it will be seen that Russia would be able to take advantage of a very shallow stream indeed.

INDIAN STATISTICS.

If it were considered necessary to give any reply to Mr. Hyndman's recent article in the *Nineteenth Century* on the Bankruptcy of India, no better materials for the purpose could well be found than are contained in the recently issued number of the "Statistical Abstract relating to British India, from 1867-68 to 1876-77." Although it is true that some of that writer's fallacies must be corrected from other sources, yet this small volume contains enough to show that, at least to an impartial mind, there are no distinct evidences of national decay in India, but rather the reverse. A country containing an area of 1,483,130 square miles, and a population numbering 239,996,479, is not one that should be lightly discredited excepting upon the strongest evidence. It is true that the whole of this vast area is not directly concerned with the sweeping charge of bankruptcy, which was only brought against the part under British administration, and which comprises an area of 908,350 square miles with a population of 191,018,412. The remainder consists of Native States, with the exception of 178 square miles inhabited by 271,460 people which comprise the French possessions in India, and 1,086 square miles with a population of 407,712 which belong to the Portuguese. In British India the males exceed the females in number by about 5,500,000. In religion, the people are mostly Hindus, who number over 139 millions; there are nearly 41 million Mahomedans, not far short of three millions of Buddhists and Jains, a little over one million Sikhs, 897,682 Christians, and five-and-a-half millions belonging to other sects, or whose religions are unknown. Of the adult male population of 62 millions, 37⅓ millions, or more than half, are occupied in agriculture, 8¾ millions in industrial occupations, 8 millions are labourers, 4 millions are employed in domestic occupations, and 3½ millions in commerce. Of the three principal cities, Bombay contains a population of 644,405, Calcutta of 429,535, and Madras of 397,552. During the ten years embraced in the present return, the gross revenues of the country, exclusive of receipts from guaranteed Indian Railways, have risen from 48½ to 51¼ millions, being an increase of 2¾ millions. The Local Revenues amount to 3,430,276*l.*, and, including the net traffic receipts from guaranteed railways, the gross revenues of the empire amounted in 1876-77 to 59,426,061*l.* As successors to former native dynasties, under whose laws the property in the land was vested in the State, the East India Company, and subsequently the Crown of Great Britain, became the proprietor of the soil in India, and a large portion of the Imperial revenues is derived from this source without the aid of taxation, as the land is let to cultivators at rates far below its full rental value, and usually not exceeding one-half of the full rent. From time to time the rate of assessment has been lowered in many parts, but owing to the increase in cultivation the receipts from this source have risen from 19,986,640*l.* in 1868 to 21,503,742*l.* in 1876. In consequence of the famine in Southern India during 1877, the land revenue collected in that year fell to 19,857,152*l.*, and the decrease occurred almost entirely in the Madras and Bombay Presidencies, and under this head alone the famine of that year cost the Government no less than 1,694,128*l.* The real taxation of the country consists of Excise, 2½ millions; Customs, 2½; and salt, 6⅓ millions. Assessed taxes, which formerly brought in about two millions, had almost entirely been extinguished in 1877; they have, however, again been imposed this year, with a view to raising a famine insurance fund. In 1877, the real taxes levied from the people for Imperial purposes amounted only to 11⅓ millions, whilst local taxation reached only 131,934*l.*, for the sum of nearly two millions raised from the land for local purposes can only be considered as an enhancement of rent, as it still leaves the burden borne by the land far below its full rental value. The incidence of taxation, Imperal and local, upon the whole population of India is thus only 1*s.* 3d. per head, about 8*d.* of which is due to the salt tax, and may be said to be borne by all alike. But of the rest only an infinitessimally small proportion falls upon the poorer agriculturists, and it may truly be asserted that their taxation falls under one shilling per head, or less than in any other civilised country in the world.

Examining the evidences of prosperity as evidenced by the receipts in the different branches of the administration, it appears that, notwithstanding reductions in the rates of duty from time to time, the receipts from Customs not only maintain their amount, but show a steady, though slow annual increase. In no respect has India more greatly benefited from the change from native to British rule than with reference to internal customs' duties. In former times large revenues were derived from this source, but now the only evidence that remains of their former existence is the salt preventive line, and that is doomed to a speedy abolition. Excise revenue also shows a steady increase. This, though not so satisfactory from an economic point of view, is nevertheless evidence of the well-being of the people, it being a source of revenue which would be sure to be affected by any decrease in their material prosperity, which is evidenced by the receipts from Madras having declined during the famine year 1877, although the loss so sustained was more than made good by the increased receipts from other parts of India. The salt revenue, also, is no exception in respect to increase, but appears to have consistently maintained a normal condition of annual enhancement, irrespective of rate of tax levied, and this of itself shows how little the tax is felt by the people, by whom it is paid in infinitessimally small instalments each time that they purchase a supply of that article. Its abolition altogether, though desirable if the condition of the finances would admit of such a sacrifice, would otherwise be but yielding to a sentiment rather than to a fiscal advisability. The stamp revenue is the only other tax which affects the people, and, so far as this is derived from commerce, any increase is a satisfactory sign of the activity of trade. The receipts from opium have increased by about 200,000*l.* during the past ten years; it appears, however, that they have somewhat decreased in the Bengal Presidency, but increased in Bombay. The total amount now realised from that article is no less than 9,122,460*l.* The Post Office and telegraphs also show steadily increasing revenues. Turning from revenue to expenditure

it is not surprising to find that the charges for the collection of revenue and administration have slightly risen during the past ten years, but "Allowances under Treaties," and "Interest on Debt and Obligation," it is satisfactory to observe, have both sensibly decreased, the former by 180,000*l.*, and the latter by 760,000*l.* per annum. "Superannuation and Compassionate Allowances" have risen by 640,000*l.*; whilst, under the head of "Miscellaneous," there has been a diminution of charge to the extent of nearly half a million. The Army, which must always be the heaviest item in the list of charges, stood at over 16 millions in 1868, but had fallen gradually to 15¾ millions in 1877, a result which must be somewhat surprising to those who have read Mr. Hyndman's recent article. The Army in India at present comprises 190,148 of all arms, of whom 64,902 are Europeans, and 125,246 natives. One dark spot in the papers under review is the charge on account of "Famine Relief," which during the last four years of the decade has amounted to 8¾ millions, being at the rate of about 2½ millions per annum. Exclusive of Guaranteed Railways, the interest payable on loans raised for reproductive works has shown a steady tendency to diminution. The natural inference from this fact is that the works upon which the outlay has been incurred are not of such a wholly unremunerative character as some would lead us to believe, whilst, as regards Guaranteed Railways, it is well known that at last their net receipts are in excess of all charges against Government in connection with their construction and working, and that they are now a real source of revenue, the proceeds from which will be not inconsiderably enhanced in consequence of the recent arrangements made with regard to the East Indian Railway. Space will not admit of our reviewing, on the present occasion, the statistics of trade which are contained in the volume now before us, but we shall return to the subject again shortly.

OWEN'S COLLEGE, MANCHESTER, AND THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

I.

The question of the advisableness of raising Owen's College, Manchester, to the rank of a University, with powers to grant degrees to its students, may be now said to have been fully discussed from every possible point of view. For about three years public attention has been devoted to the subject, and during this time arguments for and against the proposal have been brought forward by nearly every one who is interested in the question of University education. The latest contributions to the data on which a judgment must ultimately be founded have been furnished by Mr. Fitch in an article which appears in the November number of the *Nineteenth Century*, and by the exhaustive discussion of this subject which took place on the 25th of last month at the Cheltenham meeting of the Social Science Congress. At this meeting the representatives of rival schemes propounded their views very fully; and we can hardly expect any further evidence on the subject than that furnished by the papers of Professors Ward and Greenwood and of Mr. Fitch, and by the speeches of Dr. Heaton, Mr. Heywood, and others.

The question is full of interest to the educational world, apart altogether from the advantages or disadvantages which Owen's College may derive from the proposed change, because it leads to the consideration of the wider question, whether an increase is desirable in the number of bodies chartered to confer degrees, and because it directs attention to the exact meaning which it is well to associate with a University degree. Indeed, it is partly owing to the difficulty of fixing the signification of the terms employed that such divergent views have been expressed. Nowhere is the word "University" so loosely used as in England, and it is very important that Englishmen should have a clear notion of what they wish to be understood as the functions of an University before they recommend the Crown to confer upon any institution a University charter. In attempting to discover the meaning of such a complex word as "University," any reference to its derivation can be of very little use. We are not concerned with what the term originally signified; but it is important to know in what sense the word University is now generally employed. The only safe way to proceed, therefore, is to see what different kinds of bodies are now called Universities, and in what respect the functions of these bodies coincide. If we confine our attention to England, we find that the present distinguishing characteristic of an University is the power it possesses of conferring degrees. But even this definition, which implies attributes very different from those that are generally considered most essential to such institutions, is not perfect, since it is well known that certain ecclesiastical dignitaries enjoy with respect to this particular privilege co-equal powers. Excepting these individuals, however, we may say that the power of conferring degrees is limited to the Universities. But very few persons regard this function as the most important of those which an University is supposed to exercise; and, in order to understand what its chief duties really are, we have to consider what kind of work is being done at the different Universities in England and abroad. Now, in England, we have three different kinds of University, in two of which the principal work is education, and in the third the testing of education. We have the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the Scotch Universities, and the University of London; and the question at once suggests itself, to which of these types of University would Owen's College wish to conform, should the Crown decide to accede to its request? That these three kinds of University differ considerably from one another cannot be doubted. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are essentially residential Universities. They consist of a number of separate colleges, in which the greater part of the work of education is carried on. These colleges, each of which is a distinct educational institution, are associated by their local proximity to one another, and by their observance of certain regulations common to them all. They are parts of the University; but they are, at the same time, distinct from it. The University has professors of its own, who, however, have very little to do with the lower stages of the student's education; and it has the power of conferring degrees, which is not possessed by the colleges themselves. The students, who come from different parts of the country, live, for the most part, in the college in which they are being educated; they are expected to submit to tutorial guidance, they are subjected to a particular discipline, and they are exposed to the peculiar intellectual influences of a scholastic life. A Scotch University, on the other hand, is very different. It resembles much more nearly a German University. The peculiar influences to which a young man is subjected at Oxford or at Cambridge do not exist in such an University. It is essentially a teaching body. The students there may live where they like; they are under very little restraint; and the tutorial duties

are, to a great extent, performed by the Professors themselves, between whom and the students there is not necessarily any very close *rapprochement*. Moreover, till very recently, its degrees have been conferred exclusively by the Professors or teachers, and there has existed nothing with which the competition between the different colleges of an English University might be compared. An University of this kind was University College, Gower-street, intended to have been by its original founders. Indeed, it existed for some time with a charter as the University of London. But the constitution of this University was very different from that of Oxford or Cambridge; and this difference led to the establishment of the University of London as a degree-conferring body. For some years, a nominal connection was maintained between this University and its constituent colleges; but, by and bye, as the sphere of the University's work widened, this connection was gradually weakened, till at last it was recognised as being so completely formal that it was altogether discontinued. The University of London thus became a self-existent body, fulfilling only one function of an University—that of conferring degrees. According to the mediæval idea of an University, the institution in Burlington-gardens would have no claim to the distinctive title it enjoys. But a very little consideration will show that what is now understood as a College best answers to what was previously understood by an University; and that the increased estimate which now attaches to an University degree has made it advisable, partially at any rate, to separate the duties of teaching from those of testing knowledge.

Simultaneously with the changes in the meaning of the term University which have gradually arisen, and which are partly due to the growth of separate colleges in different places, a new and increased importance has come to be attached to an University degree. From being a necessary but comparatively unimportant incident in University education, it is now generally regarded as an end in itself—a coveted prize eagerly sought after by numerous competing candidates. Originally, it implied little else than the mere fact that a student had been subjected for a certain number of years to the discipline of an University life. As a qualifying diploma, or as a stamp of knowledge, it possessed no value. The establishment of the University of London, however, was attended with important consequences with respect to the value of a degree which have affected the older seats of learning. For, inasmuch as this institution had been founded for the sole purpose of examining and classifying candidates, its influence greatly depended on the severity and accuracy of the tests applied to those seeking its degrees. The rapidly increasing importance of examinations as tests of proficiency which followed the establishment of the London University helped to strengthen this University in the course which it was pursuing; and the severity of the London examinations was not without influence on the examinations of other bodies. In fact, examinations came to be regarded as an important element in, or instrument of education; and the University degree was looked upon as a certificate of knowledge. Viewed in this light, it became a matter of importance that the same degree should, as far as possible, mean the same thing wherever it might be granted, and that the strictest fairness should be exercised by those who were entrusted with the power of conferring these distinctions. The impartiality shown by the University of London in its examinations, the care with which these examinations have been now for many years conducted, and the amount of energy they have absorbed suggest the question whether it is not desirable that a division of labour should be applied to the work of education by the separation of the examining from the teaching body? Whether this be so or not, it is necessary, before considering the claims of Owen's College to rank as an University, to recognise that the meaning of the word University has of late years undergone considerable change, and that the increase in the number of colleges as distinct educational institutions, and the increased estimation in which the University degree is regarded, have contributed to this result. It is certain that many large colleges are at the present day Universities in every sense except in that of conferring degrees, and, before deciding on the merits of the claim of any particular college to the exercise of this function, it is well to consider whether it is advisable to add to the necessary teaching work of a college the responsibility of an office the due performance of which is sufficiently onerous to engage the attention of a separate institution.

(To be continued.)

TRADE AND FINANCE.

MONEY.

There is nothing new under the sun that shines upon the City but intermittent stagnation, and even that is two or three years old. It is a see-saw. One day a little more ease, and next day a little more tightness. Up and down, but no progress. You lunch with a man who tells you that there is plenty of money at 4½ per cent., and he is right. After lunch you hear of a firm being refused accommodation on paper that in ordinary times is classed as "good to choice." A gentleman, whose signature is supposed to be as trusty as that of the immortal Abraham Newland, entered a bank in white heat rage, and was speedily in the august presence of the manager. "I think I have a right to know why the batch we sent you in to-day was declined. I suppose you would decline to cash a Bank of England note for us." The manager, whose *suaviter in modo* is sweeter than the honeycomb, and whose *fortiter in re* is adamantine, replied, "Just now there is a limit to what we do on your name, or any other name. If we gave you gold for a Bank of England note, it would be despite the fact of your endorsement." The condition of the money market is not limited confidence, but limited distrust. The order of the day is to do as little as possible, and uncovered credits are becoming almost as rare as forced strawberries in the winter. The accounts from the industrial centres are depressing. Orders few, prices low, and labour resisting the attempt to cut down wages. No circulation in limbs, and hence congestion in the heart. Not that commerce and finance are going to the bad, for they have gone to the bad. That is the sole comfort. At present things keep at the worst, and that is unpleasant. Some persons who are finance-wise say that the disease is suppressed crisis, and that there must be the passing of a crisis before recovery. The diagnosis may be true or false, but anyhow there is as yet no improvement.

The third vowel and the fourth consonant are a provoking combination. The Brazilian railway shares are offered with a 7 per cent. imperial guarantee for thirty years. Now, if the guarantee of the Imperial Government was as good as the

guarantee of the British Government, what a fine investment those shares would be! Confound the "if." When a South American Government, even the very best of the lot, guarantees an interest on railway shares, one cannot help looking the gift horse in the mouth. Brazil owes a great deal of money, and was a borrower at 5 per cent., issue price 96½, in 1875. Two blacks do not make a white. If the shares are not good without the guarantee, and if the guarantee is not good unless it is endorsed by the railway, the speculation is not altogether inviting. No one would take the shares without the guarantee, and we do not believe that at this time Brazil could raise another loan. 0 + 0 = 0, and doubt + doubt = doubt. So much for the tempting Brazil investment.

There is a Scandinavian legend about a creature that attacked sleepers and sucked their blood. Not that the creature was bloodthirsty, or swallowed the blood, but it was bound by a cruel decree of fate to thus afflict the people of Scandinavia. We thought of the legend when we read the balance sheet of James Morton and Co. Total liabilities grandly over three millions. Unsecured liabilities grandly over two millions. Debts due to the City of Glasgow Bank about two millions and a quarter, and the securities held by the bank nominally worth about 800,000*l.* The advances to the firm by the bank on open credit, 676,567*l.* When the firm stopped the cash in hand was 206*l.* The personal assets of the company (Alexander Taylor) are estimated at 1,522*l.*, no shillings, no pence. Personal assets of James Morton no pounds, no shillings, no pence. *Nil.* Somehow or other, we cannot swallow the word *nil.* What has become of the money? *Nil!* The big figures we have quoted, open credit 676,567*l.* for example, and, so far as James Morton is concerned, all gone. *Nil!* Then, why did he do it? Why did he provoke the bitter curses of over a thousand families? For *nil*? Was he like the Scandinavian creature in the bloodsucking legend, the instrument of a cruel Fate? At the meeting of creditors the reporters were not admitted. The *post mortem* was secret. Be it so, but there ought to be a public inquest. Why, a vendor of horse beef stuck upon skewers for the sustenance of our cats would have some personal property if he came to financial grief. Here is James Morton, who has had millions of pounds through his sieve, and not a pound, not a shilling, not a bronze token, has stuck. So far as he is concerned, all the money is as clean gone as last year's London snow. The 1,522*l.* of Alexander Taylor—the Co., is a hard fact to swallow, and is well nigh as indigestable as a bit of lead. But James Morton's *nil* sticks in the throat. So we wait with the utmost impatience for the public inquest on the deceased firm.

RUSSIA.

The journey of the Russian Minister of Finance has convinced him that, unless the Government of the Czar adopts a decided pacific policy, no assistance on any but the most onerous terms can be expected from foreign financiers. It is now proposed to introduce serious reforms in the State Bank, which would prevent any arbitary emission of Treasury bonds or paper currency. Count Greig further intends to increase the duty on tobacco, without, however, farming out the monopoly of the trade, and to raise the import duties on a number of articles. This scheme is expected to increase the revenue by 100 millions of roubles per annum.

THE EXAMINER.

THE LEPROSY OF JOURNALISM.

III.—Black Sheep.

Almost within the memory of man a great Power has arisen in Western Europe, of which the development was as undreamt of a hundred years ago as the electric telegraph or the telephone. The Fourth Estate has, in a comparatively short period, acquired an influence so enormous that few even of the most absolute monarchs can brave its united strength with impunity, while in England the self-acquired might of the Press in many cases overwhelms the elected authority of the Commons and the constituted powers of the Throne and the Lords. If a grievance is taken up with anything approaching unanimity by the London papers, it is more certain to be redressed than it would be even if such redress were promised in the Queen's Speech. Popular opinion is guided by it to such an extent that all other efforts to sway the views of the multitude weigh but as dust in the balance. And even when on any political question the journals are not unanimous, the country is divided into two camps, each of which has its paper leaders, whom it follows with a confidence which is truly surprising. It is, therefore, a matter of supreme importance that so great a power should not be abused. The responsibility which weighs on those who direct great daily papers is, notwithstanding Lord Beaconsfield's sneer at the Guildhall, almost as heavy as that of a Minister, particularly because, although a Premier directs the general policy of the country, and the members of the Cabinet each provide in their special departments for the wants of the public service, Ministers cannot, like the newspapers, appeal daily and almost hourly to a constituency coextensive with the spread of the English tongue, and have little or no influence on the moral and social well-being of the population. Yet it is the moral and social progress of the country which makes its history, more than Treaties or Congresses, and the legislative measures passed by Parliament are the resultant of the forces which are at work among the people, and which are fostered, if not actually called into being, by the Press.

Although England took the lead in proclaiming the liberty of the Press, and was the first country in which the Fourth Estate attained to any degree of influence, it was not long before ingenious imitators on the Continent also perceived the power of this new weapon of party warfare, and used it, each for his own purpose. While a subsidised paper is, we believe, now unknown in England, foreign statesmen have from the very beginning used the newly-discovered strength of the daily broad-sheet to spread the doctrines they wished their subject populations to adopt; and foreign journalists have, of course with a few honourable exceptions, been aptly divided into two camps, those who are paid by the Government, and those who are paid by private persons. With the former we have at present little to do. Their history is no secret; the "reptile funds," the "Guelph fund," the "secret service vote," or whatever name is given to the source which supplies them with the means of existence, are passed without comment by the Parliaments of the different nations, and are unfortunately distributed not to the newspapers of those nations alone. It is said that much of this secret service money finds its way across the Channel; and we wish, for the sake of English journalism.

that there were no foundation for the charge. But at present we desire to limit ourselves more especially to the journals which live by private persons. Their system is a duplex one. In the first place, they publish flippant and scandalous garbage of a similar nature to that we condemned in the self-styled London "society" papers. But they cannot go far in this direction, for any articles which appear dangerous to public morals, from the standpoint of a foreign censor of the Press, are immediately suppressed. Their great force consists in personal attacks, a system which is fortunately at present only pursued by a few of the most disreputable English prints. Two great objects are to be gained by publishing a man's name (generally quite incorrectly), and throwing mud at him. In the first place, there are always plenty of fools to buy the paper because of the personalities. A goodly contingent is supplied by the friends of the man thus made the object of horse-play, who are all anxious to see what So-and-so says about him. A great many more purchase it, although they don't in the least know the intended victim, because they share the feeling of the crowd which always assembles when a cab horse falls down. It is a sensation, and there is a certain secret pleasure, it appears, in witnessing an accident, in watching an execution, or in reading ribaldry. An enormous amount of ignorance generally characterises these personalities, which are often more amusing to those at whom they are aimed than to the general public, which is, of course, not in a position to criticise the accuracy of the statements made, nor to measure the depth of the writer's scanty information. Of course, a judicious (foreign) editor steers clear of libel, and the mud freely scattered is intended to cast as much ridicule as possible on his victim without bringing the author within the pale of the law. A most singular circumstance generally accompanies these scurrilities—the writer or editor of them becomes a fit inmate for Hanwell the moment his weapons are turned against himself. Then he arms himself with a big stick or a horsewhip, as the case may be, and burns to avenge on somebody's back the insults he brought down on his own head, and which he has not sufficient wit to ward off with his pen alone. Finally, he is brought before the *Commissaire de Police* or the *Polizei-inspector*, as the case may be, and is bound over to keep the peace.

But, meanwhile, his paper has sold, and an unenviable financial success has been achieved. The second plan, which is more lucrative than the mere sale of the paper, is adopted with people who are rich but not proportionately brave. These men are attacked under the garb of exposing abuses and unveiling scandals. Bankers, financiers, chairmen of public companies, and persons in positions of public trust, are particularly exposed to such attacks, which are generally commenced in a mild form, and only contain allusions to the revelations which might possibly follow. As there is hardly any man who can look back on his past life and conscientiously declare that he has never committed a single wrong or foolish action, and never said a single word, nor written a single letter, which might not be liable to misconstruction, it not unfrequently happens that the intended victim is unwilling to have his name dragged before the public, and alleged misdeeds, which he never committed, discussed in half the smoking-rooms of the Foreign Kingdom. The journalist then finds it easy to carry out his scheme, which is neither more nor less than the levying of black-mail. "Pay so much down, and we will give you our word of honour (!) that these attacks shall cease, and our revelations shall be for ever hidden in our editorial bosom." The money is paid, and the matter is allowed to drop; but the victims sometimes decline to purchase the right of going about their business unmolested by the rotten eggs of journalism. In this case, the attacks often increase in virulence, and their authors are at last, in an incautious moment, betrayed into a breach of the law.

Such things, of course, do not often happen in England, and, when they do occur, people shrug their shoulders in disgust, and leave the question as to the paternity of Mr. Smith, or as to whether the intimate terms on which he lived with the Drum family, justified some curious reports or not, to be settled without much interest on their part. But any tendency towards the personalities so largely indulged in abroad should be repressed here by that power which is far stronger than law—Public Opinion. The very influence of the Press, and the enormous effect it can have on the people, should be sufficient to prevent any abuses similar to those we have mentioned. We believe that the combined effect of the newspapers on the English people has, on the whole, been decidedly beneficial; it rests with the English people themselves to decide whether it shall continue to be so, or whether the Fourth Estate is to degenerate into a mere machine for scattering mud and extorting money.

NAVAL HOBBIES.

(FROM OUR NAVAL CONTRIBUTOR.)

There is no doubt that naval men are more subject to crochets than other people, though any little individual peculiarities do not often develop into absolute hobbies until middle age is reached, or an independent command attained. This position, which has been defined by some one as solitary confinement for a term of years, seems peculiarly suited for the development of odd fancies, and there are few commanding officers at this moment in the Navy who have not some special hobby, alternately a source of amusement and annoyance to their officers, and the judicious management of which becomes an important element in the comfort of every one on board the ship. As might be expected, this has not unfrequently something to do with seamanship. The Captain either has a mania for carrying sail, or "cracking on," as it is called, when everyone is rendered more or less uncomfortable by the ship being pressed so much as to travel more under water than over it, the watch coming off deck frequently declining to turn in under such circumstances; or else he has strong objections to carrying sail at all, and, if obliged to do so, will make the life of the officer of the watch a burden to him looking out for imaginary squalls. Such a man carries an aneroid about with him, constantly consults it, and invites everyone else to do the same; the midshipmen are continually questioned on their knowledge of the law of storms, and in bad weather the navigating staff will be set to take bearings of different clouds in expectation of a change of wind, while the master will be hastily summoned in the dead of night to be informed that the cabin barometer has fallen *half a hundredth;* what does he (the master) make of it? That worthy having declared that he makes nothing at all of it retires to rest, muttering objurgations. Perhaps, the hobby is sail drill, pure and simple, in which case the effect is very curious. The skipper will be walking up and down, calm, grave, and dignified, the model of a British officer; possibly conversing affably with one of the heads of departments, when the signal from the Admiral, "shift jibboom and mizen topmast." trans-

forms him apparently into a raving maniac. He shrieks, storms, and stamps, shakes his fist at everybody, uses language which in his calmer moments is unknown to him, and drives the unfortunate mizen party about the poop like a flock of frightened sheep, using his telescope as a goad to stir up the hindmost. When everything is finished, and the ropes are coiled down, he subsides again, and probably sends his steward to those he has most abused, with an invitation to dinner, when he is particularly gracious and unbending.

If the man with the passion for sail drill is a commander, or first lieutenant, he probably has some patent method of his own devising, for crossing topgallant yards in two seconds less time than it has ever been done in before. It is an infallible method, but somehow it doesn't answer. The top midshipmen all have their leave stopped, the upper yardsmen are continually on the black list, but still the coveted result is not achieved. A man of this kind cares literally for nothing else; any mention of gunnery simple nauseates him. Walking the deck and rehearsing his favourite problem, he will perhaps find a squad at cutlass drill, and the monotonous cackle of the gunner's mate, "At the word dra', dont dra'; the word dra's merely a ca'tion," disturbs him. "Those d——d gunner's mates have too much jaw," mutters the man with one idea; "training party, dismiss!" and down goes the training party, while the unfortunate gunner's mate, who was merely doing his duty, and the gunnery lieutenant, who hoped to get them qualified for a rating before his quarterly returns are made up, are left lamenting.

In one ship the Captain had a mania for new sea terms. One day a sub-lieutenant, noted for playing on this weakness, came down to report something. "Well," said the Captain, "and how does it look on deck?" "It's booming up to windward," replied the other. "Oh!" said the Captain, "it's booming up, is it; and how does it look to leeward?" "It's feathering down to leeward, sir." "Indeed," answered the skipper, thoroughly mystified; "thank you, that will do;" and henceforward "booming up" and "feathering down" were household words in that ship.

Sometimes it is quite different from all this. The Captain has friends at court, and fancies the eyes of the world are upon him. He develops a passion for the possessive pronoun, and talks of *my* ship, *my* officers, *my* men. If you are a favourite, he informs you confidentially after dinner that there has been a tremendous battle between the Admirals at Portsmouth and Plymouth as to whose command the ship shall belong to; for his own part, he (the Captain) would rather prefer Plymouth, as at the other place the Royal family will always be coming on board to see him, and full uniform is a bore. If such a man ever really finds himself in the neighbourhood of Royalty, then, indeed, there is a breeze. Every morning he is seized with a belief, amounting to conviction, that on that particular afternoon, at 1:15 to a minute, the Prince will come on board to inspect the ship; and in that belief he simply worries all hands, himself included, pretty nearly out of their lives. When this has gone on for some time, perhaps some friend on the staff of the great man will gently hint the state of things to him, and suggest a visit, and his Royal Highness being a good natured fellow, will come off some day, tightly lashed up in a frock coat, and smoking a cigar, and will stroll round "my ship," and have "my officers" presented to him, and perhaps shake hands at parting. Then the Captain will be like a young lamb for some days; his jolly red face beams with contentment; you might slap him on the back, and tickle him in the ribs; you might even forget to salute when he came on deck in the morning, and he would only chide you smilingly!

Occasionally, a Captain has a hobby for chaffing his superior officers, and it is wonderful to what lengths some will go in pursuit of this amusement. On one occasion the Admiral in command of the Channel Fleet was hesitating about crossing the bar at the mouth of the Tagus. He stood off and on for some time, when a signal flew simultaneously from the mastheads of two of the ships in his wake, "Shall we show you the way in?" which was simply making fun of him, and brought forth the stern reply, "Keep station." One well known officer so persistently exchanged chaff with his brother captains by means of the semaphore that, hoping to check it, an order was given that all signals in future were to be made by flags, and then only through the Admiral, whereupon, the very next morning, the delinquent preferred an elaborate request for the loan of the third volume of the last new novel by somebody or other, which had to be made and repeated alphabetically (such questions not being contemplated in the code), and occupied the entire signal staff of the flagship for a whole forenoon. Nothing could stop this persistent habit. When the *Monarch* started for Boston with the remains of Mr. Peabody, a neighbouring ship signalled, "You do well for a hearse," to which the answer was returned, "It is better to carry the dead than be bothered by the living," with which parting shot she sailed away. Sometimes a captain has a religious hobby. A short time ago the officer commanding a ship on the Australian station held strong opinions on the subject of private prayer, and, to promote that object, directed that at a certain hour every morning the bugle was to sound "still," when everyone remained perfectly quiet. The watch stopped their work, and servants paused half way up ladders with baskets of slops, with the view of encouraging the offering up of private petitions. The effect was that it was commonly reported more swearing took place during that five minutes than in all the rest of the twenty-four hours put together; the warrant officers in particular being perfectly exhausted after their devotional exercises, so much so that, as Mark Twain puts it, you might have drawn a seine through their system, and not found enough curses to disturb your mother with.

In conclusion, strange as it may appear, a man will sometimes have a fancy for making himself unpopular, and hearing himself abused. In this he will frequently succeed so well as to get nicknamed "the demon," "Satan," sometimes even "Quilp," as representing the incarnation of wickedness, in all of which *sobriquets* he glories exceedingly, and will every now and then do something diabolical to keep up his reputation; but he is not a bad little fellow at bottom, and will do you many a good turn if you are only sufficiently rude to him.

POLICEMAN X 950.

In the days when Tom and Jerry went their rounds, and London life was neither so fast nor so well lighted as now, the intellect and prescience of Dogberry the watchman was considered sufficient to restrain any youthful ardour, or repress anything that seemed, so far as he could judge by the aid of the flickering oil lamps, to savour of an interference with the peace of the subject. Even he, poor man, was often fain to confess that, considering the number of times a week he found himself on his back in the kennel, his pay, including the *douceurs* he pocketed for shutting his eyes and turning his back

on convenient occasions, was hardly a compensation for a bruised head and blackened eye, following one another with the regularity of clockwork. And, as time went on, it was found necessary to organise a special force of far larger numbers, and with more defined duties to perform. On the formation and history of our Metropolitan Police force by Sir R. Maine and Sir Joshua Jebb, it is not our intention to dwell at present. We only propose to discuss X 950, what manner of man he is, and what he considers his duty. There is no doubt that the policeman is a very great man. In his own estimation he is a particularly great man, almost an eminent one. Cook is of the same opinion, Mary Ann is somewhat divided between him and Private Jones of the Coldstreams, as to which should be most favoured with her smiles. The butler is polite, the footman is on good terms with him, while the page is his abject slave, and over all these he exercises an influence truly majestic. The haughty gaze of contempt with which he treats an urchin who has so far dared his terrible wrath as chaff raises him at once to the level of a dictator. Refractory cabmen, costermongers, and harmless old apple women, are his especial subjects, and he rules them with an iron hand. He is cognisant of the fact that we live in a progressive age, as his stentorian—"Move on; now then, move on, I tell yer"—denotes, and he has no decided objection to turning it into a golden one should the opportunity occur. Where he fails is in his constant endeavours to be considered an intelligent officer, and, as his intelligence generally consists of seizing the most inoffensive beings he can find and "running them in," without pausing to ask what explanation they can offer, or even going so far as to tell them what their crime might be, it is to be hoped that some method may be devised for applying brake power (automatic if possible), of sufficient strength to check his wild career. If this is not done, the consequences will be terrible. Collisions between the police and the public are of daily occurrence, and, unfortunately, X 950 insists on having a clear run and refuses to be shunted.

Seriously, the "divisions" are carrying matters too far. Without wishing to detract one iota from their value as a body, it is a question that ought to have immediate consideration, whether individual members of the force should be vested with such absolute power. Within the last fortnight cases have occurred of arrests by the police which, if the letters from the aggrieved parties are to be believed, seem of a kind which no words are strong enough to condemn. Innocent men were accused of rioting, and marched off, without parley, to a police cell. Foreigners, innocent of any attempt at disorder, met the same fate, and when justice desired to sift the matter X 950 was not forthcoming. Useless, indeed, is it, whether we be guilty or innocent, to plead our innocence; for every one witness we can bring, X 950 will produce three, and, such is the keenness of their vision, that, although on a beat at Holborn Viaduct at the time their comrade was assaulted in Waterloo-place, they saw the whole thing, and are prepared to swear "that the prisoner was drunk and assaulted the officer in the execution of his duty." This brings us again to the question as to what is the officer's duty. Obviously one of the chief duties of policemen is to preserve order and protect the lives and property of the Queen's subjects, and yet it is a well-known fact that where there is real occasion for their services they are "never—or hardly ever"—to be found, although, in cases where there is absolutely nothing for them to do, they swarm like bees, and create far more disturbance than those unfortunates they consider it necessary to run in. Another of their duties is to enforce the regulations as to the closing of public houses and the sale of excisable liquors. How this is carried out is too notorious to need comment. Then comes X 950's especial *forte*, to wit, cabmen, carters, and old women, to say nothing of inebriates. Here he shines, and, beyond showing a preference for moving on the old women instead of the cabbies, aquits himself very creditably. They are his lawful subjects, and therefore bound to obey. Our chief fault with him is his wish to make all men subservient, and to interfere with the much talked-of liberty of the subject. The love of power and the idea that the greater number of people he arrests the more intelligent he will be considered spoil, in nine cases out of ten, an otherwise excellent fellow. What is required is an increase of sergeants and inspectors, and a little less credulity and bias on the part of the various metropolitan magistrates. "Fair play is a jewel," and, particularly when dealing with X 950, is a jewel of great price. When some strong measures are taken to remedy the present state of things, and not before, the public will be enabled to go about the streets without the necessity of carrying a telegraph form in their pocket, with the words ready written on it, "Please come and bail me out." It is very wrong that a hard working body of men should be brought into disrepute by the conduct of a few black sheep such as we have endeavoured to describe, and we sincerely hope that the chief of the Metropolitan Police force will speedily separate the chaff from the grain, and re-establish the force in the public favour it deserves.

WANTED, A SATIRIST.

There is no smoke without fire; and although modern society may not be quite as bad as its own scribes represent it to be, although virtue may still be a moral factor even in fashionable circles, there can be no doubt that the progress for the last decade has been a progress downward. In politics, in social affairs, in literature, art, and the drama, as well as in the mere records of the Divorce Court and the milliners' shops, we read the same dark truth—that luxury has increased in proportion to the decline of domestic ideals, and that all standards, even the merely commercial one, have been lowered in answer to the popular demand for wild mental or moral stimulants. It is no task of ours to preach a sermon on this old theme, or to play Cassandra in the manner familiar to students of Pindar reviews. No words of ours can change the condition of things. Time and patience alone can effect any reformation, for the day is long past when any single utterance, however prophetic, could have much effect in guiding the popular mind. And yet it has been repeatedly forced upon us of late that, of all things wanted by the present generation, a Satirist is wanted most; one who would tell the world its sins and foibles, not with the sneaking snigger or familiar wink of a Society journalist, but with a voice loud and clear enough to reverberate from Land's End to John o' Groats. It would matter little where this voice was first heard. It might be in the pulpit, it might be on the stage. It might sound as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, or it might be heard, as more than once heretofore, from the very heart of the crowd. Since Thackeray dropped the scourge, satire has been sadly at a discount, and we are in reality worse off for *censores morum* than were our prototypes, the prosperous *bourgeoisie* of the Second Empire.

So closely do our present social conditions resemble those

of the *bourgeoisie* alluded to that even a course of the comedy of the Empire would do us nothing but good; but, unfortunately, instead of a real we have a spurious *censor morum*, and the instruction from abroad is interdicted. The late Licenser of Plays, animated by a too blind enthusiasm of morality, thought he was doing a wise thing when he forbade the performance in this country of the masterpieces of Dumas Fils and Sardou; and the present Licenser, though a man of more liberal instincts, still sets an adamantine countenance against the innovation. True, dramas of this sort, though, doubtless, open to the criticism which has been lavished upon them, and which has caused them to be classed in France under "*l'Ecole Brutale*," are, in the best sense, works of art. They are, moreover, fiery social satires—and true satire is never quite unwholesome. Under the foul rule of the French Empire society grew luxurious, reckless, libidinous, and rotten; extravagance in dress, in manners and customs, in conduct, became the fashion; it was the epoch in real life of the "Faux Bonhommes" and "Madame Bovary." As a bitter comment on this state of things came the so-called "comedy" of the Empire. Dumas Fils, a melancholy man, began by picturing the pathetic side of the life of courtesans, and continued by preparing for Parisian acceptance an entire system of theatrical ethics—or rather, as a critic of the period called it, "la logique appliquée au théâtre." And what, after all, was the sum total of his philosophy? "Se marier, quand on est jeune et sain, choisir, dans n'importe quelle classe, une bonne fille franche et saine, l'aimer de toute son âme et de toutes ses forces, en faire une compagne sûre et une mère féconde, travailler pour élever ses enfants et leur laisser en mourant l'exemple de sa vie: voilà la verité—le reste n'est qu'une erreur, crime, ou folie." If, sooner or later, this good girl becomes like the "Femme de Claude," shoot her; if she forms a grand passion, like "Diane de Lys," and it is encouraged, after due warning, by its object, kill *him*. Horrible morality, doubtless, but grimly appropriate notwithstanding. The comedies of M. Dumas are a series of propositions on the theme of the married state, but their moral is unmistakeable; it is the moral of all plays, from Scribe's "Trente Ans dans la Vie d'une Femme" downwards, viz., that to become adulterous is natural, but inexpedient. Sardou, another melancholy man, preaches the same lesson. The French comedy of the Empire, so far from being an incentive to vicious living, is subacid, platitudinous, rectangular—on the whole not very entertaining, but edifying as a social study. It was, at any rate, the nearest approach to Juvenal's terrible manner that the Empire could furnish; and though it was Dead Sea fruit enough many who devoured it were healed perhaps of a portion of their disease.

We are not defending the comedy of the Empire, though we infinitely prefer it to the vile importations in which what, in the stage directions of Goethe's "Faust" is called an "obscene gesture" supplies the place of all moral teaching or rational meaning. He who accepts "La Marjolaine" and rejects "La Femme de Claude" must be either a *roué* or an ignoramus. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that we here in England would be the better if some one would hold the mirror up to our follies, even to our vices. It is useless to look for such a satirist in the direction of the stage; the whole drama is usurped by the spectre of that British matron who in the flesh never patronises the drama at all. Our novelists are pigmies, clinging to the cast-off coat tails of departed giants, nd their social satire, when they do attempt social satire, is at once timid and verbose. Our poets are *dilletanti*, with each other for a public, and Mr. Tennyson's mildest verses for a precedent. In all the departments of art and literature a sad, unsocial diffidence embarrasses the speech of genius, and, instead of "human nature's daily food" we get mannerism, affectation, and the cynicism of complete indifference to practical social problems.

Meantime Society, mœnad-like, twines flowers in her hair, and goes from bad to worse. The only individuals who tell her of her vices are those who flourish through them, and the cue of these is to lament over the ideals they first overthrow, and to pretend that goodness is useless, since there is no power but evil left. Well, even a comedy of the Empire would be better than this; better than a journalism which degrades the social standard with every quip and turn characteristic of blind snobbery; better than a literature which hushes up every vital question, covers up every social sore, reduces life and thought to the "prunes and prism" insisted on by Mr. Mudie; better than a stage which is either unclean and corybantic or pure and prurient to the verge of imbecility. The only straightforward and truth-telling force at present at work is modern Science, but it is not sufficiently aggressive in the social sphere to be of much avail. So the feast goes on, so the soothsayer is put aside, and the voice of the prophet is unheard. Some fine day, nevertheless, there will be a revelation—the handwriting will be seen on the wall in the colossal cypher of some supreme Satirist. How much of our present effulgent civilisation will last till then? How much will not perish without any aid from without, by virtue of its own inherent folly and dry rot? Meantime, even a temporary revelation would be thankfully accepted. Such satire as Churchill suddenly lavished upon the stage would be of service to Society just now. Even satire as wicked as that with which Byron deluged the "piggish domestic virtues" of the Georges would not be altogether amiss. Only, it must come in simple speech, not in such mystic dress as that worn by St. Thomas of Chelsea when he gave forth his memorable sartorial prophesies.

A THEATRICAL BRAWL.

In the right hand corner of Westminster Hall, as you enter that storied building from Palace Yard, is a somewhat dingy portal, leading to a stone passage—a sort of temple sacred to indigestion. There, upon a stall, recline the brown and pensive gingerbread nut, the acidulated drop of childhood's happy days, wrinkled apples long parted from their native orchards, and an assortment of pastry fearfully and wonderfully made; and at the further end of the passage are other doors, leading into a large but by no means handsome apartment.

The scene before you is the Queen's Bench Division of Her Majesty's High Court of Justice. At the northern end of the Court, in the centre of a long, narrow desert of red cushions, his back to the carved emblems of Royalty, sits Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice of England. Soft of voice, benign of countenance, alert of intellect—all his lordship's great powers are brought to bear upon the case before him. A little removed from his left hand sit twelve special men in a box—a superior sort of palladium of our liberties; and at his right hand, close to the witness-box, the reporters for the Press crowd their pew, and overflow on to the bench in front of the judgment seat, reserved for the Masters and the Judge's clerk. Facing the Judge, and

immediately beneath his counsel, sits the defendant, smiling, but not serenely; and all about him are spread the parties to the suit and distinguished lookers-on—the irrepressibly genteel, who "want to know, you know." The three rows of semicircular seats set apart for counsel are crammed to inconvenience. The first row is crowded with the wearers of silk, the second and third rows with stuff-gownsmen, members of the Utter Bar. There are more than sixty robed and wigged barristers present, besides those engaged in the cause. But the grave gentlemen of the Honourable Societies of the Inns of Court who are eager to increase their legal experience by taking part as spectators of so remarkable a cause cannot all be accommodated in the body of the Court, and many of them find their way into the south gallery, whence, wig in hand, they listen with rapt attention, and look down upon the proceedings below. That part of the judgment hall placed at the disposition of the public has not an inch of vacant space. Idlers, court-haunters, men about town, and a nondescript array of theatrical performers of both sexes, fill the floor and choke the entrances. The mobile-faced comedian cranes his neck over the shoulder of the gorgeously attired singing chambermaid, and the lean-visaged, black-browed tragedian peers above the bonnet of the first old woman. It is broad daylight outside, but the great ring of gas jets close to the roof of the court is alight, and its pale glimmer mingles with the sombre air of the November afternoon. Silence prevails, except for the voices of the judge, the counsel, and the witnesses, and the occasional disturbing admonition of an usher. It is a solemn scene, and at a first glance appears well befitting the majesty of the law and the occasion.

An angry actor and dramatic adapter of foreign birth is alleged to have assaulted a reputedly beautiful actress-manager, while in a fit of passion; and that is why the sublimity of justice is stirred to its depths. The great judicial functionary, the array of counsel engaged in the cause, the sixty odd barristers in gowns and wigs, the special jury, the battalion of short-hand writers, the vast crowd of spectators, have come, some on business but the majority on pleasure, tc learn the full, true, and particular account of how Herr Bandmann did or did not assault Mrs. Rousby. The jury have said that there was an assault, but that it was the result of accident, or, in other words, that Herr Bandmann is not guilty, and we bow to the decision. But, it may be asked, why so much fuss in arriving at a conclusion which might have been decided by a police magistrate in twenty minutes? In ordinary cases of assault, as, for instance, when Mr. Pat Bryant damages, or is accused of damaging, Mrs Biddy Maloney, his worship settles the matter off-hand; or, in the event of the case being considered a very serious one, Pat is sent for trial, and is convicted or acquitted according to the weight of evidence and the finding of the jury. Under the circumstances, it is not considered necessary to rake up all the offensive and degrading details of Mrs. Biddy Maloney's private life, nor to endeavour to shake the evidence of her female witnesses, by eliciting from them in cross-examination that they are not a little removed from the angels. The newspapers record the case in a paragraph, not in endless columns of dreary twaddle, and the whole affair is speedily forgotten. On the other hand, in such cases as Rousby *v.* Bandmann, we have the costly machinery of the law put in motion, and the time of the country wasted over trifles, and the newspapers filled with the worthless details of what should have remained an obscure theatrical brawl.

THE EXAMINER'S LETTER BOX.

We are not responsible for the opinions expressed in the letters which appear in the Examiner's Letter Box.

"OUR SCHOOLS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR: In criticising the mode of tuition adopted in large schools, a correspondent with whose opinions I am happy to see that you do not identify yourself, makes a number of sweeping assertions which shew that he has not taken the time required to study so difficult and extensive a subject. I allude more particularly to the first part of his letter, in which he accuses schoolmasters of neglecting the chief aim of education, "success in life," for the sake of qualifying their best pupils for honours at the Universities, and says that "crammers" for examinations are now required and have to be paid to supply the deficiencies of the masters. "Badger" does not seem aware that, rightly or wrongly, high honours at the Universities are still considered one of the best means of attaining that success which is, according to him, the goal of all education. And that this opinion is not entirely fallacious is sufficiently proved by the very large proportion of eminent lawyers, successful authors, and great statesmen whose university career was distinguished by those honours which "Badger" affects to despise. The study of higher mathematics is acknowledged to be the most perfect discipline for the mind which has yet been discovered; while the extensive reading and intimate acquaintance with classical authors, which are indispensable for success in the "Greats" at Oxford, necessarily result in a highly cultivated intellect. Above all, it must not be forgotten that the examinations, competitive and otherwise, which are now required for the English and Indian Civil Service, the direct commissions, Woolwich, and Sandhurst, are very various and different from each other. It would be quite impossible to introduce into a public school a curriculum equally adapted for all these examinations. Special preparation will inevitably be required; but a youth of good general education who has striven to attain the high standard of the Universities will want very little of it, and no "cramming" at all.—I am, sir, yours obediently,

M.A.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR: Your correspondent, "Badger," is tilting against windmills. It must be a long time since he left school, or he would know that boys are now no longer taught geography in the manner of which he so highly disapproves. If he will buy or borrow a few of the modern elementary school-books, he will see that his idea is not a new one, and has long since been adopted.—Yours truly, A SCHOOLMASTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

DEAR SIR: Your correspondent, "Badger," seems to have lost sight of the fact that impositions are often made to play a double part, viz., not only the imposition *per se*, and the trouble of writing it, are taken into consideration, but the time of "showing it up" is contrived with diabolical ingenuity so as to prevent any participation in athletic sports for that day. Furthermore, he seems to be unaware of a ceremony called "absence" which is often utilised for this purpose in an equally inconvenient manner.—Yours obediently,

ETON.

THE EXAMINER OF PLAYS.

ON SOME DEFICIENCIES OF THE MODERN STAGE.

Managers of the London theatres must often be considerably puzzled in their endeavours to suit the fickle and uncertain taste of the public. Lord Macaulay declined to guarantee the success of anyone in the House of Commons, however splendid might be his talents, so capricious did he consider the judgment of that august assembly. The same may be said of the stage. Plays of real literary merit, and performed by excellent actors, frequently meet with but scanty applause, and rapidly pass through a brief and ignominious career, while some vastly inferior production, for some mysterious and unaccountable reason, hits off the public fancy and achieves a brilliant success. If an attempt should be made, however, at some future time, to revive the same piece with the same company, a disastrous failure is in nearly all cases the result. People belonging to what it is the cant of the day to call the cultured classes are incessantly declaiming, and not without justice, against the silly burlesques and dished up French comedies which now almost exclusively occupy our stage. "Give us Shakespeare's dramas, and the classical comedies," they cry; but when, at last, in compliance with their entreaties, any such desirable entertainments are provided for them these gentlemen are conspicuous by their absence at the performance. Nevertheless, if a popular actor is announced to play as Richard III., Macbeth, Hamlet, or Othello, a crowded pit and gallery may confidently be predicted. The well known points which have been traditionally handed down from actor to actor are vociferously applauded, and the audience take their departure at the conclusion of the drama without the faintest conception as to its meaning, and under the flattering delusion that they have been supporting a legitimate amusement, and have been improving their minds. Certain it is, however, that Shakespeare's tragedies pourtrayed by actors of the transpontine school fail to attract any large assembly of educated ladies and gentlemen, who, it may be supposed, are familiar with all the works of the national poet, and with all that has been said or written about them. But it is not fair to assume that they are indifferent to the drama, or unwilling to support any effort to restore the works of our great authors to their proper place on the stage, simply because they decline to take the trouble to go and see an incorrect and garbled version of a great masterpiece in the hands of noisy and common-place actors. What we have said with regard to the usual performances of Shakespeare's tragedies applies with still greater force in the case of his comedies. The freshness and charm of these delightful plays are invariably lost in the acting; indeed, it is not a little deplorable that our actors are never happy when it is their duty to perform any work of imagination or genius. A steady-going melodrama, with startling situations of the approved type, is generally effectively represented. Tragedies may be made to produce a certain amount of interest by a strict attention to the conventional rules for the illustration of theatrical passion, and there are always at hand some clever buffoons and eccentric delineators of what is known in stage parlance as "character" to ensure the success of a burlesque, or of one of those manufactured productions which charity has allowed to go by the name of comedies. But a work of poetry, anything in fact which requires some little taste and intelligence on the part of the manager, and a little genuine artistic sympathy on the part of the performers, is generally so murdered, altered, and misunderstood in the representation as to form the reverse of an agreeable evening's entertainment. No doubt, we ought to remember that our modern actors are quite out of practice in the higher walks of their profession, and some allowance should, perhaps, be made for them when they are suddenly called to appear in difficult and well known plays before an educated and critical audience. But England is a rich country, and it is not too much to expect that there should be at least one theatre in the metropolis where old and modern plays of superior merit can be adequately put upon the stage.

The chief reason that so many real lovers of good acting keep away from the occasional performances of classical plays is due to the innumerable "gags" which have been introduced into them from time to time, and the generally coarse and unappreciative manner in which they are produced. "Macbeth," for instance, is represented with the addition of music, and a variety of pantomimic effects, which, no doubt, are highly attractive to a large portion of the audience, but which are none the less gross barbarisms, completely destroying the whole meaning and purport of the play. Until quite recently "Richard III." was only known to us through Colley Cibber's peculiar version of the tragedy, and there are numbers of even fairly educated people who have greedily devoured the strong language as it fell from the lips of one of Mr. Edmund Kean's disciples under the idea that they were spectators of a play of Shakespeare. The omissions from "Othello" certainly render the piece more suitable than it otherwise would be for boarding schools and family audiences, but they make the plot and the character of the Moor absolutely incomprehensible to anyone not well acquainted with the story. Shakespeare has divided his "Winter's Tale" into two parts by a simple and perfectly intelligible arrangement; that is to say, sixteen years are supposed to elapse between the third and fourth acts. At Drury Lane, the allegorical figure of "Time" announces this fact in the middle of the fourth act. "The Merchant of Venice" has long been deprived of its last scene, perhaps the loveliest and most graceful ending to an exciting drama that has ever been written. "Twelfth Night" on the stage is spoilt by tedious comic business, and the pathetic song of the clown, which he should sing when left alone at the conclusion of the play, is frequently given in hilarious tones by the entire company. Benedict and Beatrice are in the habit of indulging in a number of vulgar and unmeaning gestures at the end of the church scene in "Much Ado About Nothing," which are completely contrary to the spirit of the play. "The School for Scandal" is generally considered to contain one highly dramatic situation—the screen scene—which on the stage is invariably turned into a farce. "The Rivals" has been endowed, "not wisely, but too well," with all kinds of nonsense by the various comic actors who have undertaken the part of Bob Acres without bearing in mind Hamlet's caution to those that play clowns, namely, not to speak more than is set down for them. Miss Hardcastle, in the last act of "She Stoops to Conquer," generally treats the audience to a sally which would greatly have astonished poor Goldsmith. Instances of the same kind might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. In short, there is not one of our legitimate plays which is represented on our stage according to the design and intention of the author.

Whatever may be the correct opinion of Mr. Irving as an actor—and we do not pretend to decide upon that question here—it must be owned that he has done much to rid the stage of many of these monstrosities. "Macbeth" and "Richard III.," when produced under his direction at the Lyceum Theatre, were heard for the first time as Shake-

speare himself conceived them, and the superiority of the effect was, as one would naturally suppose, most marked. In the former play the weird scenes in which the three witches appear seemed suddenly to have acquired a meaning, and, in the case of "Richard III.," a clue to a proper understanding of the tragedy was immediately supplied to the audience, as the curtain rose upon the solitary figure of the Duke of Gloucester listening, with cynical and mocking countenance, to the peals of bells and other sounds of rejoicing in the distance. Stage management, in fact, is almost as important an element in the perfect representation of a work of art upon the stage as the acting of the performers themselves. Until some improvement is made in this important feature of theatrical exhibitions Shakespeare will continue to spell ruin, and deservedly so. It has, no doubt, been indifferently reformed, but it must be reformed altogether. Great genius cannot at all times be commanded, but care, conscientious study, and intelligence can be made to take its place. Managers may be assured that if they will endeavour to represent a play of Shakespeare as Shakespeare wrote it, with good scenery, sensible stage management, and actors who can speak the Queen's English, people of taste and refinement will flock to witness the performance, but as long as they are content to mount great works in the present slovenly, thoughtless manner, it is not to be wondered that the majority of people prefer to stay away.

"YOUNG FRA DIAVOLO" AT THE GAIETY.

Mr. H. J. Byron has essayed a second attempt on an old theme. Some twenty years ago Auber's opera was subjected to the cruel fire of burlesque by the same author, and was then known as "Fra Diavolo, or Beauty and the Brigands." Now we have it presented to us as "Young Fra Diavolo, the Terror of Terracina." By playgoers of the present day the re-adaptation may be considered an improvement on what must appear somewhat of an *old* friend. There is but little doubt that with regard to burlesque a great change has come over us since the days of Planché's charming pieces. Unless we are given the latest music hall ditties, the most extravagant puns, and some jokes (no matter how feeble) on topics of the hour, we feel dissatisfied. We also look for break downs of the most grotesque order, and ballet, where the display of legs makes up for any deficiency in the powers of using them. Given these, with a popular actress playing the leading *rôle*, and the success of the extravaganza is secured. When we say that all the requirements are ready to hand in the new piece at the Gaiety, adverse criticism becomes an impossibility, if we are to take the present standard as a guide for the ultima Thule of fooling.

Miss E. Farren appears as Fra Diavolo, and both as the Marquis and the bandit her make-up and acting are faultless. Miss Kate Vaughan as Zerlina, the beauty of Terracina, gives a very graceful representation of the character, her dancing being especially worthy of praise. To Mr. Edward Terry and Mr. E. W. Royce must be yielded the palm, for a more amusing and absurd piece of acting than that of the pair—the former as Beppo and the latter as Giacomo—has seldom been seen. It is impossible to look on and keep a grave countenance, and the shouts of laughter which greeted their various eccentricities fully testified the appreciation of the audience. The dressing of the piece is very good, and the music, arranged by Herr Meyer Lutz, pleasing. Some slight improvement is required in the furnishing of the bedchamber scene, and it is hardly within the province of even burlesque to impart a visable movement to whole terraces and gardens as seen through the open window. A little heavier roller at the bottom of the drop would possibly obviate this very evident desire to try a "*voyage dans les airs.*" The last scene requires lightening and judicious cutting, for, notwithstanding the efforts of Messrs. Terry and Royce, there is a tendency to hang, which, if not rectified, is liable to detract from the finale of what may be summed up as a successful, and amusing, present day burlesque.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Despite the many warnings operatic managers have received, through the failure of their *débûtantes* when the public have been made to expect too much, they still continue to introduce their *prime donne* with preliminary flourishes of trumpets, and invite us to come and listen to one who is "destined to shine as a bright star in the horizon of Italian opera." In these words were we prepared for Mdlle. Ambre, the new Violetta of Saturday; and it says much for the young lady, under the circumstances, that she achieved even a fair measure of success. That we were disappointed it is impossible to deny; but we had been asked to judge something exceptional, and accordingly did so with a high standard in view. Mdlle. Ambre's Algerian birth, her studies at the Marseilles Conservatoire, and her success at the Hague and in Paris, we need not dwell upon. Her voice is pleasant, but not powerful, and in the low register is exceedingly weak. The upper notes are rather strained, and are only relieved by an agreeable *mezza voce*, of which the *prima donna* makes frequent use. Her intonation is correct, but marred by considerable *vibrato*, while her shake is faulty, and her vocalisation far from finished. Mdlle. Ambre is a natural and earnest actress, and her style altogether is not unsympathetic, but it certainly cannot be admitted that she possesses the attributes which her admirers claim for her. The best that can be said is that Mdlle. Ambre—whose performance on Saturday made a favourable impression on those who did not anticipate great things—is an artist of merit, and will prove a useful acquisition to Mr. Mapleson's troupe. The remaining features of the representation do not call for notice.

CONCERT OF THE NORMAL COLLEGE FOR THE BLIND.—Interesting and instructive was the second orchestral concert given by this meritorious institution at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening. It was interesting, inasmuch as the programme included more than one piece that had not previously been heard in London; and instructive because it showed us the wonderful feats that can be accomplished by the pupils of the college over which Mr. F. J. Campbell so ably presides. The "Spring Fantasia" for solo, voices, piano, and orchestra, by Niels Gade, was the opening novelty, and it may be taken for granted that we shall henceforth frequently hear this delightful composition. The vocal parts were fairly sustained, but the principal feature of the performance was the beautiful pianoforte playing of a blind boy named Schwier. Another blind boy, the Prince Alexander of Hesse, rendered Beethoven's violin Romance in F with remarkable skill, and was loudly applauded. Dr. Hans von Bülow, who was the conductor of the evening, played a Beethoven sonata in his own inimitable style, and afterwards directed a superb performance of his symphonic ballad for orchestra, "Des Sänger's Fluch." Another noteworthy novelty was Liszt's "Todtentanz," a paraphrase of "Dies Iræ," for pianoforte and orchestra. This is, perhaps, the most marvellous specimen of Liszt's genius we have yet heard, and the exigencies of the solo instrument were met by Mr. Frits Hartvigson in a manner that makes us wish we heard that pianist oftener.

THE LITERARY EXAMINER.

NOTES OF MY LIFE.

Notes of My Life, 1835-1878. By George Antony Denison. James Parker.

It is almost impossible that an autobiography should fail to be interesting. Mr. Carlyle has committed himself to the statement that a faithful record of any man's life would be readable; but, without going that length, one may safely say that the unconscious revelation of his own character which a man must necessarily give in writing about himself, and which is far more interesting than his deliberate descriptions, explanations, or apologies, cannot but attract all who sympathise with the well-known line of Terence. In apologies, indeed, Archdeacon Denison is not profuse. We believe that the only offence for which, in the whole course of his book, he expresses contrition is that of not having "presented" any of his parishioners for moral offences cognisable by the ecclesiastical law. But most readers will be inclined to pass over his elaborate exposition and defence of his own political and theological consistency, his demonstration of his country's accomplished ruin, and his denunciation of the constituted authorities of Church and State, to dwell upon the numerous instances of courage, courtesy, and kindliness, of the shrewdness and humour, and, it must be added, of the obstinacy and occasional buffoonery, which this quaint volume exhibits. It is almost as difficult to listen attentively to, as to argue successfully with, a man who maintains that England took the first step in her downward path when the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed, and that her destruction was finally sealed by the passing of Mr. Forster's Elementary Education Act. In this respect the Notes of Archdeacon Denison form an amusing contrast with the "Recollections and Suggestions" of the late Lord Russell. The first great service which that eminent statesman rendered to his country was the removal in 1828 of those burdens upon the consciences of Dissenters which Archdeacon Denison regards as inseparably connected with England's prosperity, and almost every measure which is categorically extolled by the politician is categorically censured by the Churchman. The fervent satisfaction expressed by the old Whig chief with the judgment in the Gorham case, and his indignation at the persecution of the appellant, may be compared with the "Protest" read in the church of East Brent on the "Fourth Sunday in Lent," 1850, and beginning, "I, George Antony Denison, Clerk, M.A., Vicar of East Brent, in the county of Somerset and diocese of Bath and Wells, do hereby enter my solemn protest against the said sentence of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, *and do warn all the Christian people of this parish to beware of allowing themselves to be moved or influenced thereby in the least degree.*" East Brent Church, by the way, must be an amusing place to attend when there is any ecclesiastical disturbance on foot, for we find that again, on the "fourth Sunday in Advent," 1869, Archdeacon Denison "made public protest in his parish church against the consecration of Dr. Temple to the Office and Work of a Bishop in the Church of God." The Bishop of Exeter, as is well known, withdrew his obnoxious essay, thus securing the approval of Archdeacon Denison in exchange for the respect of reasonable men, but we presume that all the members of the Court who decided against the late Bishop Phillpotts remained under the archidiaconal ban until they died. Archdeacon Denison's prejudice against the final Court of Ecclesiastical Appeal is, indeed, so strong that it impairs the ordinary clearness of his understanding, for he regards the judgment in Jenkins *v.* Cook, which was based simply on the fact that the alleged heresy of Mr. Jenkins had not been legally proved, as dishonouring the Sacrament by deciding that heresy was no bar to participation therein.

It is pleasant to turn from these unprofitable controversies and find the future champion of the irreconcilable Ritualists a healthy and natural, if not very diffident young man. Modesty, indeed, is not a quality for which Archdeacon Denison has been famous in later life, as the following passage may, perhaps, sufficiently indicate:—

> In 1865, at the Norwich Congress, I had fifteen minutes in which to state seventeen reasons against the "Conscience Clause," any one of them conclusive by itself. Seventeen conclusive reasons published for one penny, as I had before published for twopence twenty-two reasons, equally valid and unanswerable, why Church rates ought not to be abolished. But, against popular ignorance and passion and ultra-Protestantism, the best reasoning the world ever saw has no power.

His own conduct at school was not that of a model boy, but he himself greatly prefers boys to young men on a rather curious ground. "Boys are not commonly conceited; young men commonly. If you disliked your tutor at school, you called him a beast; at college, you called him a fool." Conceit is a quality naturally odious to Archdeacon Denison, but his praiseworthy abstinence from assailing the personal character of his opponents is sometimes accompanied by unfavourable reflection on the quality of their understandings. Practical joking, which is not a very desirable habit even among boys, is generally regarded as inexcusable in men; but Archdeacon Denison's account of the way in which he amused himself with his gardener is, unless he be hoaxing his readers, a piece of cynical effrontery rarely equalled. This wretched man, who was seventy years of age, had been nearly killed by an overdose of rhubarb, administered in gross carelessness by his master. The man's life having been with difficulty saved, he again came to the amateur physician and said, "I should like some more of that there physic." Thereupon he received half the previous dose, or forty-five grains of rhubarb and fifteen of magnesia; and Archdeacon Denison most justly observes, "I think many people have been hanged for a less offence than mine." As Archdeacon Denison began so he ends. The vehement adversary of what most people call progress, the champion of obsolete privileges for the Church and antiquated discipline for the laity, he is a melancholy example of wisdom crying out in the streets and no man regarding her. Here and there he has had a little success, though it is, perhaps, of a kind to which most of us would prefer failure. Thus, he boasts, and apparently with some reason, of having unseated Mr. Gladstone in 1865, though, perhaps, there are few Oxford men whom the spirit of party would induce to exult in the rejection by their University of her most illustrious son. He is also triumphant over the ecclesiastical censure passed upon Bishop Colenso, and especially over the concurrence therein of the Upper House of Convocation; though we believe that that great assembly consisted on the occasion of five members, and that the resolution was supported by the present Bishop of London, the Bishop of Llandaff, and the late Bishop Shortt, while it was opposed by the present Archbishop of Canterbury and the late Bishop Thirlwall. On the other hand, terrible things have happened. "We have seen a man who denies the Eternal Godhead of the Son made a Member of the Committee for Revision of the Translation of the Bible;" and some of us are, perhaps, unable to perceive why theological orthodoxy should imply or assist a man's capability of honestly rendering the Greek Testament into

English. Then, the late Bishop Gray, "the greatest man by far I have lived to know," though his greatness hardly transpires in his published Life, was cruelly persecuted by not being allowed to ruin and degrade Bishop Colenso without the ordinary form of a trial. Finally, there is the Public Worship Regulation Act, "a thing in its conception, enacting, executing, of almost inconceivable infamy." It is all very sad, but we may congratulate ourselves that Archdeacon Denison has survived it all, and is still at hand "to warn, to comfort, and command," albeit the warning be somewhat stern, and the comfort a little cold. We may also find consolation in the fact that the most bigoted English Churchman may be a genial, honourable English gentleman, whose life is exempt from all taint of meanness, and whose relations with his opponents have generally been of the most cordial kind. That is a good deal to say of any man, and we can say it with perfect sincerity of Archdeacon Denison.

A SECRET MARRIAGE.

A Secret Marriage. By the Duke de Pomar. Chapman and Hall.

It is rather difficult to distinguish whether the Duke de Pomar's ambition is to obtain a justifiable fame or a fashionable notoriety. His claims to literary reputation are certainly not based upon feeble talent and mediocre dulness; for he possesses a certain energy of style, readiness of expression, and an imagination which is sometimes only too ardent. If, however, the Duke had only in his mind a morbid craving for notoriety, we must needs suppose that that craving has already been gratified, for his name as a novelist is, perhaps, better known than it is wholly respected. We are right, then, in supposing that the Duke has, taking all in all, been eminently successful in his literary undertakings. He has stored up a sufficient amount of scandal to find capital for at least a dozen society novels and a hundred or so of society journals. As the Duke de Pomar has a partiality for well-seasoned personality, we may, perhaps, be forgiven for criticising the conduct of the author as well as the merits of his work. The Duke, we believe, hangs on the outskirts of society, and, no doubt, society must be both flattered and amused by his occasional presence, and still more flattered and amused by the happy fashion he indulges in of introducing well, or perhaps not well known leaders of fashion into his novels as the most prominent characters, and giving them names which serve rather as a guide than as a cloak to whom they really are. In "Fashion and Passion" we were treated to a plentiful supply of thinly veiled scandal, all of a somewhat offensive type; but in a "Secret Marriage" we must at least thank the Duke de Pomar for having the great thoughtfulness to give us his pleasing personality untainted with any choice inuendo or open accusation. Still, however flattering it may be to the members of the Duke's own family to find themselves figuring in the pages of fiction, those members of the aristocracy and upper classes who have not been favoured by that accident of birth are occasionally disposed to be somewhat indignant at having themselves dragged into a publicity of which they have not the slightest appreciation. There are ladies of fashion who, no doubt, find the greatest delight in seeing their photographs stuck side by side with the pets of the ballet and the rulers of the *demi-monde*. On the other hand, there are many modest-minded women of high birth and breeding who would be disgusted at the idea of seeing their portraits stuck up for sale in every picture-shop window, and open to be stared at and giggled over by every young counter-jumper of fashionable tendencies whose purse may contain the requisite shilling or half-crown. And the same rule applies to the Duke de Pomar's novels. He may have pleased some women, who would, perhaps, almost sell their very souls for the honour of being the town talk; but many others must have felt grievously annoyed and insulted by his want of good taste, good feeling, and good breeding. But, having thus spoken of the Duke de Pomar, we wish our share of personality to end, and have no desire to give the slightest clue to the names of those whom he has occasionally introduced in "A Secret Marriage."

In "A Secret Marriage" we have four distinct types of modern womanhood brought before us. There is the cold-blooded woman of birth, Lady Laura Rollingford. We have the poetic, the talented, the ecstatic, the philosophical Corinne, in the person of a certain Mrs. Champion, whom the noble author styles the "divine Dorothea." We have the popular Lais, in the fascinating and unfortunate Marie, or Madame de Fleurville, as she is written in the latter part of the novel. In Bella Champion, the offspring of the "divine Dorothea," we have the fast young lady of fashionable life. But to Mrs. Champion alone the Duke de Pomar devotes his choicest bits of fine writing. This highly gifted lady is a kind of Madame de Stael, Duchesse de Longueville, and Mrs. Fry, with a mixture of certain other heroines, all rolled into one. Her desire to regenerate society is only excelled by her burning patriotic wish to liberate Italy from the oppressor, and her patriotism is only excelled by her power of quoting poetry, not a little at a time, but copiously, after the manner of the heroes of the true edition of the "Arabian Nights," who always burst into tears, and then recite "the following verses," the verses sometimes extending over a page or so of small print. But yet, despite her paradoxes, poetry, and patriotism, the "divine Dorothea" is really a very excellent woman. Lord Rollingford contracts a secret marriage with Marie Gautier, a reformed member of the *demi-monde*, whom he imagined to be a perfect flower of innocence; he discovers his mistake, his wife leaves him, and then the unfortunate man is actually wild enough to commit bigamy by marrying the Lady Laura. Still Nemesis overtakes him, he sees his "Princess of Tulle" at the theatre, he is struck down with some sort of paralytic attack, and the "Princess" appears at his death-bed, full of love, repentance, and remorse, and accompanied by a charming little baby girl. But, of course, to all this the Lady Laura has a very strong objection. She would turn both mother and baby out of the house, and utterly deny the legal existence of her husband's previous marriage, which would make her own as naught. And, now, the "divine Dorothea," Mrs. Champion, comes in most opportunely; she compels the Lady Laura by threats of exposure to adopt her husband's child by the "Princess of Tulle," to which she at length agrees, while that sorrowing sinner departs in peace. Here the main plot of the novel ends, although the interest is very far from closing; for it would be unjust to accuse the novel of any want of interest from beginning to end.

To enter into a discussion as to the merits of all the social dogmas to which the Duke de Pomar wishes us all to yield obedience would require an amount of space which is denied to us. On one point, however, we cannot refrain from touching. The Duke de Pomar supports Mr. Wilkie Collins in those doctrines which that eccentric author so strongly supported in "The New Magdalen." He holds that the reformed member of the *demi-monde* is superior to the average woman of conventional respectability. And these words are put into the mouth of the "divine Dorothea:" "I, for one, would rather be a sinner who can feel such true repentance

as the heroine of that book than a narrow-souled, petty-minded, conventional machine, such as Grace Roseberry." We can only say, in conclusion, that we should prefer our wives, sisters, and daughters, to hold different opinions. Reformed thieves are not, as a rule, any honester than narrow-minded Christians who have not honoured themselves by falling into evil courses; in fact, they have often a happy knack of drifting back to their old weaknesses. And, by the same kind of reasoning, converted —— (we should prefer leaving it to the Duke de Pomar to find us a fashionable Parisian name)—are not wholly to be trusted, and, perhaps, after all, it is safer for society to shut its doors against those who have fallen from the pedestal of mean-spirited respectability.

Yet "A Secret Marriage" is undoubtedly a well and cleverly-written novel, and for that account alone it is to be regretted that it often disgusts and annoys when it might easily have been altered to excite both honest praise and admiration.

ETHICS AND ÆSTHETICS OF MODERN POETRY.

By J. B. Selkirk. Smith, Elder and Co., London.

A criticism of the six essays on modern poetry comprised in this volume is by no means an easy task. The main object that the author has in view throughout the whole book is evidently to oppose, and, if possible, counteract the tendency of the age towards scepticism; but, unfortunately, he is himself tainted in no small degree with the very vice which he assails. Again and again he expatiates at great length on the superiority of faith to doubt, but it is almost impossible to form any definite conception of what he means by faith. He plainly enough declares himself the friend of faith in general, and the enemy of doubt in general; but, when he comes to speak of particular faiths and particular doubts, he has quite as much to say in favour of the latter as he has in favour of the former. He is certainly not an orthodox believer, although he shows a manifest desire to be so. Orthodox theology is designated by him as "the cheapest of trade marks," and nowhere does he mention orthodoxy with respect. There are certain kinds of faith for which he has no affection, and certain kinds of doubt for which he has a very decided liking. In fact, as they are presented to us at times in Mr. J. B. Selkirk's pages, it does not seem as if there was much difference between faith and doubt, and he is himself apparently often at a loss to know which of the two he ought to choose. "The world where it (doubt) is not, must be," he says, "either altogether sacred to truth, or wholly abandoned to lies. Doubt and faith live under the same imperfect conditions, and the point at which one dies the other also and consequently dies." On the next page we read that, "The strength of the Christian religion in our day is as much indebted to her heretics as to her saints, or, rather should we say, the maturer verdict of time in many cases has pronounced these two titles to be one." Under the heading, "Modern Creeds and Modern Poetry," we come on passages like the following:—

> No wonder that a poet like Mr. Arnold should cry out for the whole-hearted honesty and simplicity of apostolic times, in an age whose religious teachers in their ordination vows are asked to declare their unfeigned belief in *quasi*-historical statements, which many of them in their heart would no more think of seriously accepting as fact, or attempt to prove to any educated person, than they would think of accepting the Ptolemaic cosmogony, unfeignedly believing the geographical accuracy of the different circles in Dante's Hell, or substantiating the personal identity of Thor and Woden. And yet believers and teachers of this kind are found who in the holiest of situations will recite these so-called histories of solemn fact, and with (in their mouths) the altogether profane prologue of "God spake these words." What good can possibly befall a religion in which this thinly crusted falsehood is not only accounted safe, and respectable, and pious, but he who dares to question the fact is looked upon as one of the suspected? The time is surely coming round again when the question Milton asked of the religion of his age may be justly asked of ours, "Do you think the living God a buzzard idol?"

According to Mr. Selkirk, the doubt that has taken a poetical form in modern times has not been honest and genuine, but mostly half-hearted and half-affected, and to this cause he ascribes the mediocrity that characterises so much of our contemporary poetry. "There are, perhaps," he says, "few things in themselves more irrecoverably prosaic than doubt," and, on the other hand, "few more evocative of the poetic faculty, or more susceptible of poetical treatment than faith." Conviction alone will not produce poetry, we are told, "but it is an essential component of the atmosphere in which alone poetry can be sustained." At the same time, our author finds it necessary to acknowledge that it is possible "to get something like poetry out of the gigantic and passionate denial of Satan himself, as Milton has abundantly proved, or even, to a certain degree, out of the Pagan abhorrence to the God of Christianity, as illustrated by a living poet." The poet here referred to, we need hardly say, is Mr. Swinburne, who gets but slight and rather slighting notice from Mr. Selkirk. After all, however, we are told, "There appears to be a place in the realms of imagination for either God or devil; but upon the Laodicean lukewarmness, upon the apathetic neutrality that is neither cold nor hot, poetry turns her back." The atheism of Byron is disposed of by our author as an affectation, and "The atheism —or, at least, the pantheism—of Shelley" is described as "a mental unsoundness of a constitutional and hereditary kind"—as "a thing that ran in the blood," his father having had an "eccentricity in the direction of profanity," and his grandfather being described by the poet himself as "a complete atheist" who "founded all his hopes on annihilation." With regard to Goethe, his scepticism might, perhaps, "be more accurately described as a kind of moral *juste milieu*, with a singular inaccessibility to attraction on one side or the other." But the most striking instance that Mr. Selkirk adduces of the paralysis that doubt has produced on the poetic faculty in modern times is that of Arthur Hugh Clough, "the most conscientious of poetical sceptics." On Clough's spiritual development our author has a thoroughly novel and somewhat startling view to present. In his opinion, Clough, "who by the inherent tendency of his nature would have been a seeker after God had he had no higher advantages than a heathen," was the victim of the "premature moral development" which he describes as "a fatal flaw in the Rugby training under the Arnold *régime*." The Tractarian movement, and Newman's influence coming after the "over-stimulation of the moral sense" to which it is alleged he had been subjected at Rugby, "proved," we are told, "too much for his tender years." We cannot profess to understand Mr. Selkirk's account of Clough's mental struggles, but of the noble sacrifices he made to truth we have the same appreciation. "With all his doubts and difficulties," says our author, "we should be inclined to question the catholicity of the Church that refused to extend to him the invitation of Laban, *Come in thou blessed of the Lord; why standest thou without?*"

The only contemporary English poet that at all answers Mr. Selkirk's requirements is Mr. Tennyson, and his appreciation of him is more thorough-going and outspoken than that of any other living critic. It is evident from the quotations we have already made that our author strives hard to understand and sympathise with doubt and doubters, as well as with faith and true believers, and that he has, to some

extent, succeeded in doing so. The possession of this power, "which is the characteristic alone of the highest form of genius," gives Mr. Tennyson pre-eminence, in Mr. Selkirk's opinion, over all the poets of the age. It is this faculty which has enabled the Laureate to become "the interpreter of the transitional character of the philosophy, religion, and, to some extent, the politics of his time—his power to stand on the debateable ground on which these questions are discussed, giving strong poetical form to each of the opposing factions, and yet remain himself untouched and untainted by what he would himself call 'the falsehood of extremes.'" Of "In Memoriam" we read that, in "that divine poem, we have a more certain indication of what the theological future will be, in those questions it sets itself to solve, than in all the volumes of theology proper the century has produced." If "In Memoriam" has troubled Israel at all, Mr. Selkirk thinks that it has troubled it "as the angel troubled the waters, so that those who come to wash therein find strength and refreshing for their souls."

There are several other deeply interesting questions touched upon in this volume, which contains a great deal of suggestive, but imperfectly digested thoughts and reflections. Comte, Mr. Tyndall, and John Stuart Mill, are cited as examples of the "continual looking about for an emotional substitute for religion in the materialistic mind." Of Comte's beatification of Clotilde de Vaux, Mr. Tyndall's frequent turnings toward the mystery from which the human mind has emerged, "with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home," and J. S. Mill's attitude in the volume of posthumous essays "little short of adoration towards the religious conclusions his philosophy tended to undermine," our author makes ample use. The dispute between theology and science is frequently referred to, and the claims of each are fairly acknowledged. "Unlike the fixed laws of systematic theology—in whose very fixedness their main strength is erroneously supposed to reside—the deductions of science have this advantage that the light of every fresh day and every fresh mind is constantly pouring through them. In science, the discovery of an error is hailed as a triumph; in theology, it is suspected as an enemy, and too often fought with to the death." Much of what Mr. Selkirk has to say on such subjects as "Art for Art's Sake," the relations of music and poetry, the correlation of the religious and poetical instincts, and the influence of culture on modern poetry, will be read with pleasure and instruction, although hardly on any point can his arguments be regarded as conclusive and convincing. His volume, however, is a welcome contribution to poetical criticism, and will be read with interest even by those who disagree with the conclusions, or rather who do not sympathise with the longings and tendencies of its author.

SOCIAL POLITICS.

By Arthur Arnold. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Mr. Arthur Arnold has distinguished himself in various ways as an active and progressive Radical. He has conducted a newspaper, he has unsuccessfully appealed to a provincial borough for its suffrages, he has travelled in search of more light, and has returned to his own country with the laudable intention of shedding whatever he has discovered upon his benighted fellow citizens. Whether such eleemosynary rays as Mr. Arnold has cast upon our condition as a nation will either illustrate our corruption or tend towards our social improvement, we very much question; at the same time, we cannot deny the care with which he has collected his data, just as we cannot fail to observe the violent political partisanship which influences his deductions and his judgments.

"Social Politics" is a collection of essays and lectures printed in various contemporary reviews and delivered on several different occasions. In many cases Mr. Arnold's theories, if not conspicuously new, are marked by good sense, even if they are occasionally illustrated by farfetched examples. There can be no question as to Mr. Arnold's sincerity. He conscientiously believes in his mission as a reforming angel. He would disestablish the Church, abolish primogeniture, redistribute landed estates, upset the Corporation of London, give the suffrage to women, allow married women uncontrolled power over their property, and, last of all, would put a stop to City dinners. On such subjects he has strong if not violent convictions, and it is with some surprise that we find his mind uncertain on the Intoxicating Liquors question. Is it possible that Mr. Arthur Arnold, who has to himself satisfactorily settled all the prominent problems of the day, can halt in opinion on so comparatively insignificant a topic? After a close perusal of his remarks, we hold them to tend towards a modification of the Maine Liquor Law, with a compensation for prohibited publicans, whilst, as a valediction, we find him vaguely suggesting, with Mr. John Bright, that it is "by the combination of a wise government and a virtuous people, and not otherwise," that the social millennium can be attained, an observation with which we cordially agree, though we cannot quite understand its relevancy.

Most metropolitan ratepayers will be interested in Mr. Arnold's chapters on "The Government of London," and "The City." They are forcibly written, and, whilst disclosing no very furious political opinions, suggest reforms which appear desirable and possible. "I have not the faintest idea, when I pay my rates, who those are by whom I am governed, or how or why they have been chosen to govern me," as quoted by Mr. Arnold from the late Mr. C. Buxton's speech in Parliament, will come home to many a householder who has not taken the trouble to investigate the mysteries by which his local affairs are governed. It is not everybody who is aware that:—

> First, London is seen seated on four different counties; then she is divided among thirty-nine district governments, including the Corporation of Gog and Magog and the Vestry of St. Pancras. But these divisions have no correspondence with the nineteen police districts and fifteen police court districts; nor these last with the thirteen county court districts, nor with the ten postal districts; nor with the thirty-seven districts into which the Registrar-General divides London; nor with the forty-four surveyors' districts; nor with the fifteen militia districts; nor with the ten Parliamentary and School Board divisions; nor with the gas and water divission if we attempted to distinguish these divisions by colour, our map would soon be blotted out of sight.

Inefficiency, extravagance, jobbery, and waste, are, according to Mr. Arnold, the result of this chaos of administration. But the writer does not accuse those honorary official persons who regulate the local affairs of the metropolis with any of these unwholesome charges. He complains of the *system*, and, "in regard to the paid officers," is of opinion that "efficiency is clearly sacrificed by their mere multiplication." For instance, Mr. Arnold asks, "Why are there two sorts of pavement in the Strand? Because the Strand is under two governments." In illustration of the ludicrous blundering which these complications bring about, the author writes:—"I met a man not long ago, a carter by trade, who told me that he let his horses to the vestry of a West End parish, in order to give them a rest now and then from the fatigues of their customary work." To reform abuses which the author expresses in a clear and able manner, but which we have no space herein to explain, Mr. Arnold,

who assures us that he has every respect for "the dignity and importance of the ancient mayoralty of the City of London," proposes to extend "municipal government to the whole of the metropolis." And this is his plan. Certain councillors, to be elected in each Parliamentary borough, should be constituted a standing committee for the government of the borough, the chairman, who should be elected by the councillors themselves, to have the title and dignity of alderman. The council should consist of three times the number of the School Board, and the writer would prefer the adoption of the cumulative vote now practised in School Board elections in those which should decide the membership of the Corporation of London. "With a view to obtain men of great position to serve in the office of Lord Mayor," adds Mr. Arnold, "it might appear desirable to retain the separate election of aldermen, who should take the chair in rotation, as at present, subject to a veto by two-thirds of the council." That such reforms are likely to take place in our time, we are, perhaps, in a position to doubt; yet we cannot help expressing a feeling of gratification in the thought that, should Mr. Arnold's theories ever become facts, we might greet such men as Mr. Frederick Leighton, Sir Henry Thompson, Dr. Darwin, or Mr. Froude, as Lord Mayor, not of the City only, but of the metropolis of London. We even dare hope that gentlemen such as we have referred to might be able, perhaps, to administer those knotty points of law which it is now the privilege of opulent merchants to decide, with equal acumen and regard to the laws of common sense. And, without wishing to cast the vaguest slur either upon the eloquence or the tact of the ordinary run of the chief magistrates of the City, we scarcely hesitate to assert that neither Mr. Leighton nor Mr. Froude would be found wanting in that grace of deportment and felicity of expression which are known to characterise the Lord Mayor of London.

Some of Mr. Arnold's statistics speak for themselves. From a report issued by the vestries on the charges for watering presented to the Board of Works, we learn that the cost per mile, including cartage and labour, vary to a degree which is both startling and significant. In Marylebone, the work is accomplished for something over 82*l.*, in St. Pancras for 52*l.*, in Lambeth for 70*l.*, in Paddington for 92*l.* 17*s.*, in St. Martin's for 90*l.*, and in Rotherhithe for 30*l.* In conclusion, Mr. Arnold is of opinion that, if the thirty-nine governments were exchanged for one Corporation of London, a saving of at least 150,000*l.* a year might easily be effected. To the administration of the funds belonging to the City Guilds our author devotes much of his invective. He does not object either to "reasonable hospitality," or to "a certain amount of munificence in the hall;" but, he adds, "neither hall nor hospitality has any meaning beyond what is, for the most part, a sordid gluttony." The men who assemble at the dinners of the City Companies are "self-trained athletes in the labours of gastronomy," and it is chiefly in committee feasts that "one encounters the typical turtle-eater, with no redeeming accessories of good fellowship. The Committees of the Corporation are, it has been stated, allowed 4,000*l.* a year for refreshment." Into all Mr. Arnold's proposed reforms it is impossible for us to enter. We may, however, mention that his views as to the necessary changes in the government of the Blue Coat School are radical, and that his remarks on St. Bartholomew's Hospital appear well founded and just. In attacking such abuses as do not at present affect a man's political partizanship, Mr. Arnold never travels from good sense to extravagance, but, whenever a measure with which Mr. Gladstone has sympathised, and from which Lord Beaconsfield might be expected to dissent, becomes the subject of his theories, Mr. Arnold seems to lose his head. His chapters on Woman Suffrage are neither new nor remarkable. They may amuse some scoffers, it is true, but they will certainly not advocate the cause. "Disestablishment" and "the Abuses of a Landed Gentry" are evidently not so dear to the writer's heart as the construction of select polling booths for young and elderly women. So it happens that on the former subject he is content simply to argue from his own point of view. In conclusion, we may assure our readers that "Social Politics" is a capital book; it contains much good sense and plenty of interesting information.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Biblical Things not Generally Known. (Elliot Stock.)—In this work the author tells us, and we find no difficulty in believing him, that he has gathered together the results of many years' reading. His object, to quote his own words, is to give a record of *bare facts* which appear to offer explanation of Scripture passages, and he has (wisely, as we think) altogether avoided the statement of opinions either of his own or of other writers'. It is, therefore, almost needless to say that the work contains much that is interesting and nothing that is original. Not the least valuable part of the work is a copious index of the matters treated of in the book, which would, however, certainly not be any the worse if the usual alphabetical order were more strictly followed.

The Cambridge Bible for Schools. The First Epistle to the Corinthians. By the Rev. T. J. Lias, M.A. (Deighton, Bell and Co., Cambridge.)—The object of this series is to provide text books for school and examination purposes at a moderate price. The plan adopted is to edit the separate portions of the Bible, with introductory observations and explanatory notes. The first of the Epistles so dealt with is the Epistle to the Corinthians, which is certainly one of the most interesting of all the Pauline writings. The commentary contained in the notes is quite sufficient for all practical purposes, and very few readers will require more information upon the whole history and bearing of the Epistle than can be obtained from this little volume.

Organic Philosophy; or, Man's True Place in Nature. Vol. V. *Organic Method.* By Hugh Doherty, M.D. (Trübner, 1878.) This book has unfortunately appeared too late for critical treatment by the one hand in England which was adequate to the task. Dr. Doherty's work would have delighted the late Professor De Morgan, who would undoubtedly have scheduled it in his "Budget of Paradoxes." We may briefly describe "Organic Philosophy" as a confused combination of belief in spiritualism and the Bible, evolution and archetypal forms. "Organic method" seems to consist in arranging in groups of four (why did not the author call them Tessaroids of quadruplicities?) the ill-digested results of the author's miscellaneous reading of scientific text books. The whole book is what we may term pseudo-philosophical, attempting to solve philosophical problems by inventing barbarous nomenclature for unscientific classifications. In the first forty pages we meet with such expressions as "hemialities," "lymbic world," "experimentation of supernatural phenomena," "epicosmological," "biometry," "vocational adaptations," "synalogical similitudes," "incarnative conditions of life." We have noticed only one point which would give this book any value—and that only for dealers in literary curiosities. In the "Index of Author's Names"

(p. vi.) the first entry is "Abraham, 73." On turning to page 73 we find that this refers to "Before Abraham was I am (Bible)." This is either a careless blunder, or involves an absurd theory of Biblical redaction.

A Tantalus Cup. By Mrs. Harry Bennett Edwards. (S. Tinsley and Co). Three vols.—The character of Ellis Lyndon, Mrs. Edwards' heroine, is one which we should advise all parents carefully to study, and learn, what so few fathers and mothers, through their own narrow-mindedness, appear to understand, that, when blessed with a child whose intellect is far above the average, they should not do all in their power to crush and lower it in its own estimation, but rather foster and encourage latent self-respect. Of such a mistake Ellis Lyndon's parents were guilty, simply because they could not comprehend anything beyond their own commonplace mediocrity. Enid Osborn is a charming girl, but her character is overdrawn. Young women of the nineteenth century are not in the habit of making such sacrifices. Whatever they might do for the man they love (or pretend to love), the very fact of a rival taking their place would prevent their going to such extremes of virtue. There are few women in the world like Zaré Landrelle, and the world may congratulate itself thereon. The great mistake the author has committed is that this character appears to be formed on one of Ouida's exaggerated heroines, and it therefore entirely lacks originality. At the same time, taking "A Tantalus Cup" all round, we consider it a fairly well written book, and above the average of the usual trashy novels of the present day.

Down by the Drawle. By Major A. F. P. Harcourt. (W. H. Allen and Co. Two vols.)—Major Harcourt has given us a charming picture of every-day life, and has contrived to make a very readable story out of the slender materials from which his plot is taken. We have the usual *dramatis personæ* and properties. The "old, old tale," of hero and heroine, the villains, male and female, the not over scrupulous attorney, the neglected abbey, with its parsimonious owner, and even the missing marriage certificate.

Claude Revell, the hero, an officer in a cavalry regiment, is grandson and heir expectant to the owner of the abbey. He of course falls in love with his cousin Muriel, an heiress, who comes on a visit to his grandfather. While there Captain Velters, a brother officer of Claude's, having met with an accident, is also ensconced in the abbey. He is a "*mauvais sujet*," and after being rejected by Muriel, goes away, and tries to revenge himself by slandering her. Claude, hearing of this, follows him, and the result is a *fracas* in a restaurant, where Captain Velters receives a well-deserved punishment. Sir Anthony Revell, the grandfather, has mislaid, or rather is unable to find the certificate of his mother's first marriage, a ceremony which was performed at Gretna. This naturally causes him some anxiety, and, being blessed with a horrible wife who eventually goes mad, he is a most miserable creature. Everything is rectified through the finding of the certificate by Major Temple's child Essylt, one of the truest and most vividly drawn characters in the book. Claude and Muriel marry, and the curtain descends on the happy couple, who, of course, receive the old man's blessing.

With such a narrative there is scarce any fault to find. Written with a thorough knowledge of men and manners, without one touch of over-painting or vulgarity, it is a book that reads itself. There are places where a little more care would not have been amiss; for instance, in introducing Captain Walrond on the scene, a long conversation takes place between him and Claude Revell, and it is not until nearly the middle of it that the latter mentions his name, and then only in a casual way; up to that point it is left to the reader to draw a conclusion from inspiration as to who the stranger may be or what name he bears. One other point strikes us, and that is the production of poetry of the feeblest description, supposed to be written by Claude under the influence of love. It is a fact, a humiliating one, we admit, that nine-tenths of mankind when in love rush into poetry, and their effusions often cause much merriment in cases where their verse survives their passion, and the fair one claims damages for breach. Still, one does not like being reminded of it, and Claude, in our estimation, would have made a better figure if his cultivation of the muse had not been brought forward. His mild attempts show the weak side of an otherwise manly character. With these exceptions, we may fairly say that any one wishing to wile away a few pleasant hours may safely do so "Down by the Drawle."

Forty-six Social Twitters. By Mrs. Loftie. (Macmillan and Co.)—From the very title we do not suppose that Mrs. Loftie intends her social essays to regenerate society in general, or even to aim at setting all our everyday morality thoroughly to rights. If written only to amuse and to wile away a dull hour or so, the "Social Twitters" may safely be said to be a success. But, when Mrs. Loftie attempts the heavily practical or seriously moral, she reads but to very little advantage. To discuss the merits of garden parties, window gardens, or the decoration of a drawing room mantel shelf, Mrs. Loftie is always equal to the occasion. It would, perhaps, be too much of a compliment to confess the lady essayist to be a Fred. Locker or Ashby Sterry in prose, still she possesses a respectable amount of the same kind of talent. When the "Social Twitters" are only intended to be little unimportant twitters they are amusing enough; when they aim at being society sermons they end in proving to be most unsubstantial failures.

Prince Deukalion. By Bayard Taylor. (Trübner and Co., London.)—This is doubtless a most scholarly production, written throughout in correct metre, and rejoicing in the most varied rhymes. Technical difficulties appear to have no existence for the talented author. At the same time, we must confess we found the poem a trifle wearisome. Fortunately, we read the "argument" at the beginning, and therefore knew what it was about and had, in fact, a fair start. Would it be too much to hint that "Prince Deukalion" is a learned platitude?

We have been trying to find out the *raison d'être* of *Ripples and Breakers*, by Mrs. Linnæus T. Banks (C. Kegan Paul and Co., London), but have not yet succeeded. It is commonplace both in thought and language. Here and there one comes upon a short piece which might pass muster as a bad specimen of *Vers de Societé*, as, for instance, the verses "To my Inkstand," but beyond that there is nothing to redeem the book from the level of third-rate verse-and-water. Its binding, like that of "Prince Deukalion," is pretty. Both would be very nice Christmas presents for some one or other, but not for us.

STRAY LEAVES.

Count Kuno de Rantzau, who was married a few days ago to Prince Bismarck's daughter, is at present at Venice on his honeymoon, in spite of which several French papers have announced his arrival in Paris. The news of his appointment as Secretary to the German Embassy in that city is also false. On the expiration of his leave Count de Rantzau will resume the functions he occupied in the Imperial Chancellerie, together with

his brother-in-law Count William de Bismarck. The marriage with the Chancellor's daughter is another reason for the latter keeping him in Berlin, and assisting him there in diplomatic advancement.

If the Count de Rantzau had come to France, he would there have discovered memories of one of his ancestors, Josias de Rantzau, Marshal of France and Governor of Dunkirk, under Louis XIV. This Rantzau lost an eye, a hand, a leg, and received more than sixty wounds in the service of France. It was said of him that no part of his body, except his heart, was left untouched.

—o—

Truly, the law is an imposing thing. During the adjournment of the Court for lunch, after the completion of the Agar-Ellis trial, the clerk was left in sole charge. On being asked whether the case in question was finished, this great authority replied, "Yes, and we have reserved our judgment, in my opinion quite rightly. It is a most important case; in my opinion one of the greatest questions of the age, and we were obliged to take time before creating a precedent. I believe most of the bar agree with me." Yet this great and good man is paid at the rate of about a guinea a week.

—o—

We learn from Monaco that the splendid new theatre is on the point of completion. The work has been done by Mons. Garnier, the well-known architect of the Paris Opera House. The interior arrangements are, we are assured, of the most perfect character, and reflect the greatest credit on the eminent artist who has designed them.

—o—

A pamphlet has been forwarded for our perusal by Mr. William Blood, the Secretary, *pro tem.*, of the National Permanent Relief Fund, which treats of the project of "forming a fund for the purpose of offering a prize of 100*l.* for the best essay on carrying out the object proposed." Laudable as the objects of the National Relief Fund are, we see in the vista of the future, should the fund be established, an overwhelming difficulty in administering and settling the numerous claims that will come before its board. That any individual can, in an essay, point out the proper course to be adopted is an impossibility. In the very heading of the essay arises a question, "Left destitute in any *lawful calling*." What constitutes a lawful calling, and who are to be the judges of that, as well as of the essay?

—o—

The Statistical Society held their first ordinary meeting of the present session on Tuesday evening, the 19th inst., Mr. Charles Lefevre, the President, in the chair. Thirty-two candidates were balloted for, among them a Japanese student. The subject of the essay in competition for the Howard Medal of 1879 is to be "On the Improvements that have taken place in the Education of Children and Young Persons during the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries."

—o—

We are informed that Miss Robinson, whose good work among the soldiers and sailors of Portsmouth is so well known and thoroughly appreciated both by the recipients of her kindness and their officers, has organised a Fancy Bazaar at Willis's Rooms in aid of the funds of her institute. This Bazaar will take place on Friday and Saturday, the 29th and 30th inst. It will be under the patronage of the Duke of Cambridge, who has, we believe, undertaken to open the proceedings. We trust that Miss Robinson will be able to carry back a full purse to her *protégés* at Portsmouth.

—o—

Our readers will be glad to hear that Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have in hand a translation of Dr. Moritz Busch's piquant and amusing book of anecdotes concerning Bismarck and the men about him during the war with France. Its importance as a portrait from the life of, perhaps, the foremost man of our time can hardly be overrated, and has been fully recognised in England.

The Russian Government has been for some time past engaged in publishing its treaties with Foreign Powers. A fifth volume of the series appears this week at St. Petersburg, containing treaties with Austria between 1849 and 1878. The editor is Mr. Martens, the well known professor of international law.

—o—

A great scheme is now being prepared at Rome. An important weekly newspaper is to appear under the direct inspiration of the Pope. It will be published simultaneously in *five* different languages; its nominal editor will be Count Connestabile of Perugia, and the real one Monsignor Pecci.

—o—

We understand that a second edition of Mr. Lewis Sergeant's "New Greece" has been called for, and will be in the hands of the public during the course of next week.

—o—

We have received the "Parliamentary Buffbook" for the Session of 1878, by T. N. Roberts. It is full of useful information, and the analysis of the divisions of the House of Commons, with a descending scale of attendances, will doubtless prove agreeable reading to dissatisfied constituencies, who thus at a glance are enabled to point out the shortcomings of their representatives.

—o—

American theatrical performers are very fond of travelling in state. Madame Modjeska is about to take a company from New York to California, and her agent is having a railway car constructed and fixed with a palatial drawing room, kitchen, and retiring rooms, in which each member of the company has been assigned a special place, to be retained during the six months' tour. The car is named the Countess Bazenta, that being the title of Madame Modjeska.

—o—

The first lady doctor in Finland, Miss Rosina Heikel, has received quite an ovation at Wasa, where she has settled down to practise. A grand concert has been given in her honour by the ladies of the town, and preparations are in progress for a public dinner.

—o—

On Wednesday night was performed, for the first time, at the Paris Renaissance "Camargo," a new comic opera, in three acts, the words by Mons. Albert Vanloo and Eugène Leterrier, the music by M. Charles Lecocq. It was highly successful.

At the Chateau d'Eau, on the same evening, the first performance of a drama, entitled "Dr. Jackson," in five acts, and seven tableaux, took place. The authors are Messrs. Gaston Marot and Lucien Delormel.

—o—

We are given to understand that Mr. Harold Kyrle, on commencing his engagement with Mr. Irving at the Lyceum in December, will resume his father's name, and appear as Kyrle Bellew. Mr. Kyrle has already established his position as one of our most able and conscientious *jeunes premiers*, and we look forward to a continuation at the Lyceum of that success which has attended his past efforts in the Haymarket and other leading theatres in London.

—o—

A number of Irish gentlemen, including the Lord Mayor of Dublin, several members of Parliament and influential editors, have invited Mr. Barry Sullivan, the tragedian, to a banquet at the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, on Saturday next.

—o—

Mr. Flockton, the well-known actor, had a narrow escape of a serious accident in the Strand on Thursday. While crossing from Wellington-street north to Wellington-street south his horse stumbled and fell, and but for the quickness of the rider, who disengaged himself from the saddle, would have rolled over him.

People whose business keeps them in the neighbourhood of the Strand have reason to be well satisfied with the opening of the Gaiety restaurant, which supplies a long-felt want. The building is very convenient and tastefully decorated, Messrs. Spiers and Pond being evidently determined to appeal to the eye as well as to the palate.

—o—

We hear from Paris that, upon the news of the attempted assassination of the King of Italy reaching Monaco, Prince Charles immediately summoned the Governor of the Principality into his presence, and the following conversation took place between them:—

"An attempt has been made to assassinate the King of Italy," said the Prince, in a severe tone; "you will at once take measures——."

"O, your Highness," interrupted the Governor; "who would dare?"

"What do you say; who would dare? Somebody *must* dare; do you hear? I will not lose my rank as a Sovereign. The Emperor of Germany, the King of Spain, and the King of Italy, in fact, all the world, have had their lives attempted. I insist that within a fortnight Europe shall learn that my life has also been threatened!"

"Your Highness?"

"Within a fortnight, I repeat, and the assassin must be a Socialist, *or* ——."

The Governor, who seemed to wish to retain his post, promised obedience and retired.

We are now anxiously awaiting the important intelligence which will inform us that Socialist-assassins have appeared *even* in Monaco.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

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Clark, Edwin, M.I.C.E.—Visit to South America. Dean and Sons.
Campbell, D.C.—Schiller's William Tell, Translated into English Verse. Williams and Norgate.
Collingwood, Henry.—The Secrets of the Sands. 2 vols. Griffith and Farran.
Crane, Walter.—The Baby's Bouquet (Illustrated). George Routledge and Sons.
Farley, J. Lewis.—Egypt, Cyprus, and Asiatic Turkey. Trübner and Co.
Foster, G. Carey, F.R.S., and Magnus Philip, B.Sc.—London Science Class Books. Astronomy, by Professor R. Ball; Thermodynamics, by Richard Wormell, D.Sc.; Botany (Classification of Plants), by R. M'Nab, M.D.; Botany (No. 2), by R. M'Nab, M.D.; Hydrostatics and Pneumatics, by Philip Magnus; Vertebrata, by Professor H. Macalister; Invertebrata, by Professor H. Macalister. Longmans and Co.
Gill, Mrs.—Six Months in Ascension. John Murray.
Harcourt, Major A. F. P.—Down by the Drawle. 2 vols. W. H. Allen and Co.
Health Primers. The House and its Surroundings—Premature Death—Exercise and Training—Alcohol. Hardwick and Bogue.
Hullah, John, LL.D.—How can a Knowledge of Music be best Disseminated? Longmans.
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Kippis, A., D.D., F.R.S.—Cook's Voyages (Illustrated). Bickers and Son.
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Perowne, Ven. T. T., B.D.—Jonah. Cambridge University Press.
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Ramage, Crawfurd Tait, LL.D.—Bible Echoes in Ancient Classics. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh.
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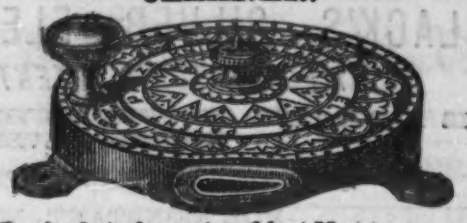

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Printed for the Proprietor by JAMES GRAY, at 396, Strand; and Published by ARTHUR PERCY MILLAR, at 136, Strand, London, in the County of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, November 23, 1878.